





Near H. Cummings

In Memoriam

Henry Harrison Cumings
Charlotte J. Cumings

By

Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, D. D., L. L. D.

1913

THE DERRICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
OIL CITY, PA.

Copyright, J. N. Fradenburgh, 1913

FEB -7 1914

C 614362186

CONTENTS

<i>Chapter.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
I. Early Life and Ancestry	7
II. As College Student—Enlistment	23
III. The “Hell March” and the Bloody Battle	35
IV. The Tullahoma Campaign	49
V. Chickamauga	65
VI. Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge	83
VII. The Atlanta Campaign	105
VIII. “Marching Through Georgia”	123
IX. From Savannah Northward and Home	139
X. Business Life	165
XI. State Senator	181
XII. Death and Last Funeral Obsequies	199
XIII. Mrs. Charlotte J. Cumings	215

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Page</i>
H. H. Cumings	Frontispiece ✓
Benjamin Cumings	9
Mrs. Benjamin Cumings	13
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cumings.....	17
Charles Cumings	21 ₁
Henry H. Cumings, Student at Oberlin College.....	25
Henry H. Cumings, Student	29 ✓
H. H. Cumings, Soldier	33
Captain H. H. Cumings	45
Winter Quarters at Chattanooga, From a War Time Photograph	85 ✓
Missionary Ridge—Center of Baird's Assault.....	93 ✓
Monument in Memory of the 105th Ohio Infantry.....	113 ₁
Captain H. H. Cumings	141 ✓
Captain H. H. Cumings, Business Man	167
Captain H. H. Cumings, State Senator	185
G. A. R. Lodge Room, Tidioute, Pa.	193 ✓
Cumings' Monument, Tidioute, Pa.	201 ✓
Charlotte J. Cumings	214 ✓
Captain H. H. Cumings' Residence, Tidioute, Pa.	217 ✓
Charlotte J. Cumings—Early Photograph	221
Andrew J. Sink	225
Mrs. Andrew J. Sink	229 ✓

I.

EARLY LIFE AND ANCESTRY.

The following paper written by J. H. Tewksbury was found among the choice treasures of Captain H. H. Cummings and represents the ideal according to which he would gladly fashion his life. Doubtless he had often read and pondered it. We place it at the head of these pages :

“ To be joyous in my work, moderate in my pleasures, chary in my confidences, faithful in my friendships ; to be energetic but not excitable, enthusiastic but not fanatical ; loyal to the truth as I see it, but ever open-minded to the newer light ; to abhor gush as I would profanity, and to hate cant as I would a lie ; to be careful in my promises, punctual in my engagements, candid with myself and frank with others ; to discourage shams and rejoice in all that is beautiful and true ; to do my work and live my life so that neither shall require defense or apology ; to honor no one simply because rich or famous, and despise no one because humble or poor ; to be gentle and considerate toward the weak, respectful and yet self-respecting toward the great, courteous to all, obsequious to none ; to seek wisdom from great books and inspiration from good men ; to invigorate my mind with noble thoughts as I do my body with sunshine and fresh air ; to prize all sweet human friendships and seek to make at least one home happy ; to have charity for the erring, sympathy for the sorrowing, cheer for the despondent ; to be indifferent to none, helpful to some, friendly with all ; to leave the world a little better off because of me ; and to leave it, when I must, bravely and cheerfully, with faith in God and good will to all my fellowmen : this shall be my endeavor during the coming year.”

Henry Harrison Cumings was born in Monmouth, Illinois, December 1, 1840. We do not find that any of his ancestors bore the name Henry Harrison, but we recall that William Henry Harrison had just been elected President of the United States on the Whig ticket after the most exciting presidential campaign in all our history. The politics of the family may therefore be considered as settled. The religious teachings may also be judged from the fact that the next two sons which came to bless the family were named Charles Elliott and Francis Asbury. Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D. had recently been elected to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and Rev. Francis Asbury was the first and greatest apostle of Methodism on the American continent.

Mr. Cumings removed with the family to Madison, Lake County, Ohio, in 1852, the year of the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which served to more firmly determine the already aroused sympathies of the "Western Reserve" in behalf of liberty. He worked on his father's farm, attending the district school in the winter. He was also a student in Madison Seminary, and later in the Grand River Institute at Austinburgh which was of considerable prominence at that time.

Madison is on the old stage road from Cleveland to Buffalo, and was a station on the "Underground Railroad," and the Cumings family must have been deeply interested in its work. Many fugitives from slavery passed through Madison with faces towards the North Star and freedom. Here the George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was arrested, only to be rescued at Unionville two or three miles distant. With his staunch Puritan ancestry, Christian home, Sunday school and church privileges, educational opportunities, and the political and reformatory atmosphere by which he was surrounded, Mr. Cumings, as would be well expected, became at an



Benjamin Cumings

early age firmly established in the principles of morality and virtue. He had a well balanced mind, was a good student, read much, and easily assimilated knowledge. He would have been successful in any profession which he might have chosen. Of strong constitution, companionable, a good conversationalist, kind and accommodating, generous, manly, loyal to truth and duty, he won the approbation, and gained the confidence of a multitude of friends. His high-mindedness and pure ambitions, his progressive spirit, his push and enterprise, his confident outlook upon the world and readiness to do his part in it, his ceaseless activity won him well-merited scholastic, military, political and business success. His steadiness of purpose braced him against being led or surprised into the purely frivolous, unworthy and unmanly.

The tracing of genealogies is of great importance in biographical research, and one of the most fascinating studies. There are few persons in America who interest themselves in this subject. We know well that it is not the character of his ancestors but his own character which makes the man. But we also recognize the law of heredity and confidently expect to find an explanation of personal traits and peculiarities in near or remote progenitors, and we are seldom disappointed. Indeed, we are dissatisfied and puzzled, if we make a thorough investigation and do not meet with verification of the law of heredity. Something abnormal must have crossed the law and interfered with natural enforcement. Again it is an inspiration to learn who our ancestors were and what they did. We would not have their reputation suffer by our example. We would imitate their noble and praiseworthy traits of character. We are fortunate in finding so much of interest concerning the ancestry of the Cumings family. So noble a record must not be lost. It is well worthy of a prominent place in our history. This is one way by which a life puts on immor-

tality and its influence is perpetuated throughout all future ages.

The genealogy of the American branch may be found in much greater fulness in the "Genealogical and Personal History of the Allegheny Valley," edited by John W. Jordan, LL. D. The earlier genealogy was compiled by Captain Cumings, and came into our hands through the family. We have verified his work from the best available historical sources.

Mr. Cumings is removed by seven generations from Isaac Cumings, the founder of the American line. The sixth of the line was Lieutenant Benjamin Cumings whose name appears on the muster roll of Captain Reuben Dow's company of minute men at the Lexington alarm and at Bunker Hill. He marched from Hollis, New Hampshire, April 19, 1775. He was one of fifty-three men who remained at Cambridge, and volunteered in the new company, under Captain Reuben Dow, which was assigned to the Massachusetts regiment, commanded by Colonel William Prescott. The "History of Hollis" states: "Benjamin Cumings enlisted for one year in either the Sixth Company of the First Regiment, or the First Company of the Third Regiment of the New Hampshire Continental Line, and served in the battles and operations about New York, and at Princeton and Trenton, New Jersey." His son, Major Benjamin Cumings, served in the War of 1812.

Charles Cumings, the father of Henry Harrison, was born at Brookline, New Hampshire, September 5, 1814, and moved with his parents from Hollis to Unionville, Lake County, Ohio, in 1825. At the age of nineteen years, when residing in Unionville, Ohio, he was converted and became a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. For several years he was a regular "circuit rider" in Illinois, residing with his first wife and two elder children in Mommouth. Within a year after the death of his wife, Emily Amsden,



Mrs. Benjamin Cumings

August 14, 1861, he left this work through the persuasion of his relatives in Ohio and returned to that state, where he married his second wife, Rebecca Agnes Sullivan, September 2, 1852, and settled on a farm in North Madison, Lake County, continuing his ministerial labors now as a local preacher. About 1876 his eyesight failed so that he gave up preaching, but was always active in church work until the day of his death. He died in Madison, Ohio, October 4, 1900.

Charles Cumings was blessed with eleven children of whom three were by his first wife: Henry Harrison, the subject of our Memoir; Lucy Mehitabel, wife of James H. Boyce—she died in 1898; Charles Elliott, now residing in East Brady, Pennsylvania; Francis Asbury, Madison, Ohio; Jane Rebecca who married Howard A. Atkinson, deceased, residing in Cleveland, Ohio; Benjamin Potter who died in infancy; Homer Potter, civil engineer, Painesville, Ohio; Emily Estelle, a deaconess in the Methodist Episcopal Church; Mary Maria, graduate from Oberlin College, teacher of Latin and Greek for eleven years in Ottawa, Illinois, and now filling the same work in Painesville, Ohio; Nellie Lavinia, educated in music at Oberlin Conservatory, married to Allen N. Benjamin, Madison, Ohio; Kate, educated at Oberlin College and Oberlin Conservatory, married to Rev. Orlando Pershing, Presbyterian pastor at Pueblo, Colorado; and Edgar Roscoe, graduate from Union College, professor of geology in Indiana State University.

The name of Isaac Cumings appears for the first time in Massachusetts. In the records of Essex County, the town clerk of Watertown made an entry to the effect that Isaac "Cuming" received from the land grants thirty-five acres of land in 1636. The general tradition held in different branches of the family is that it came directly or through England from Scotland. Similar traditions confirmed by convincing prob-

abilities trace his descent from the family of "Comyn the Red," Lord of Badenock. This family originated in France or, according to other accounts, in Lombardy, from which during or shortly after the fourth century it crossed the Alps and settled in Provence. Later it removed to the Geronde country and thence to the north of France where it founded the town of Cominius. The kin to which Isaac Cumyn, as it is believed, belonged descended from Robertus de Comyn who came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and was appointed by the King, Earl and Governor of Northumberland. An uprising of the natives occurred at Durham, January 28, 1068-9, and the Governor and his seven hundred followers were slain—all save one.

Robertus de Comyn was the son of Eustace, Comte de Comyn and Baron of Tousberry, who in his turn was the son of John, Comte de Comyn and Baron of Tousberry. The latter was the son of Baldwin, founder of the house of Blois, and grandson of Baldwin, the distinguished soldier of the cross, and the third in descent from Charles, Duc de Ingeheim, fifth son of the Emperor Charlemagne. Robertus at his death left two infant sons, John and William. The latter became Bishop of Durham and Chancellor of King David. John, the elder brother, was killed in the war, leaving a son, William, whose son Richard in 1144 was granted the Castle of Northallerton. He became the progenitor of all the Comyns in Scotland.

Richard married Hextilda, the granddaughter of King Donald Bain, and through this marriage came the claim of his great-grandson, John the Red Comyn, to the throne of Scotland. William, the son and heir of Richard, became Great-Justiciary of Scotland, and through his marriage with Margaret, only child and heiress of Fergus, ancient Earl of Buchan, he became in his right Earl of Buchan. He acquired the Lordship of Badenock for Walter, his second son, who,



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cumings

dying without issue, the Lordship descended to John, his third son. Upon the death of his brother William, John inherited large possessions.

By intermarriage with powerful families, including the royal families of England and France, the Comyns became the most powerful family in Scotland. By the middle of the thirteenth century this family included four Earls, one Lord and thirty-two belted Knights.

Within seventy years thereafter the great house was utterly overthrown. It went down in the revolution which placed Robert Bruce upon the throne of Scotland. John Comyn the Red, Robert Bruce and William of Lamberton were appointed regents of Scotland in 1299. Comyn was the ruling regent in his own right as the heir of Baliol, King of Scotland. Robert Bruce had been appointed to please his party, and improved the first favorable occasion to enter into a league with Lamberton to stand by one another in promoting their own interests. "Challenged by the King of England with the bond between him and Lamberton, Bruce secretly quitted London, and on the tenth of February, 1306, met by appointment, in the Church of the Friars Minor at Dumfries, Comyn, whom he slew at the high altar for refusing to join in his plans." Then followed the struggle of the Comyns for vengeance which resulted in their overthrow and dispersion. Many fled to England where they became so poor that they became dependents upon the bounty of the English court. They had married into the best families, and at this day their blood circulate through all that is noble in the sister kingdom, including the numerous and royal descendents of Henry IV. The Earl of Shrewsbury seems to be the representative of the Lord of Badenock who was the head of the family.



Charles Cumings

II.

AS COLLEGE STUDENT—ENLISTMENT.

The spring of 1861 found Mr. Cummings a student in Oberlin College, an institution which has always occupied an advanced position on the subject of slavery and the natural and political equality of all men without regard to race or color. There was doubtless no place in all the north where a keener interest was taken in the exciting questions of the day. The great political campaign through which the nation had passed, resulting in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, engaged the most serious and earnest attention of all. The reported threats of secession on the part of certain southern states furnished the theme of daily discussion among faculty and students. Every student was thoroughly informed by personal examination of the questions involved, and had reached his own conclusion. The college became a school of patriotism.

The laws of the college emphatically forbade the organization of military companies of any description. Now, the students, just at this time, recognized the pressing need of a fire company—a new necessity for the better security of the school property and the encouragement of the highest literary attainments. In their loyalty to the college, they determined to form a volunteer fire company. The organization was accomplished with great enthusiasm, and the largest fire company in Ohio was the result. To secure precision of movement when engaged in fighting a fire, they practiced almost daily military evolutions. This was continued for several months, the prospect of fighting (fire?) becoming ever more pressing. Wooden imitations of guns were manufactured, and

the "Fire Company" was thoroughly drilled in the manual of arms. We are not informed as to the number of times the company was called out to extinguish conflagrations. The college authorities "winked at" these slight innovations; and before the war ended this "Fire Company" furnished four generals besides many officers of lower rank; and the blood of these erstwhile "firemen" was shed on almost every important battlefield of the Great Civil War.

When the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter was flashed over the continent, studies in Oberlin College, as in so many of our northern institutions of learning, were neglected—in some cases practically at an end. All thought and conversation were upon the ominous events of the day, and the probable outcome. To many this was the beginning of an interest in political affairs which only increased with passing years. The next evening a public meeting was held in the great church. Three thousand people packed the building. Excitement was at its height, but held well under restraint. A few short, stirring speeches were made. The Marsellaise Hymn was sung by a great choir of two hundred trained voices, accompanied by the great organ and, in the chorus, by the village brass band, while, outside the building, church bells rang and cannon roared. War enthusiasm was at white heat. Two companies were formed and filled with students—the "Fire Company" much in evidence. Their services were offered to the Government on the morning of the following day, and one company was accepted. The other company to which Mr. Cumings belonged was declined as not likely to be needed. How little was known at that time of the magnitude of the task in hand! It is probably well that it was gradually revealed.

The young patriot took up his studies anew with what patience he could command after such a disappointment. But



Henry H. Cumings
Student at Oberlin College

the call for three hundred thousand men was issued in 1862, and he could resist no longer. He returned to his home in Lake County, Ohio, and enlisted in a regiment then being formed and rendezvoused in camp at Cleveland. This regiment was mustered into the service as the One Hundred and Fifth Volunteer Infantry. Mr. Cumings received a commission of First Lieutenant of Company "D," most of whose members came from Painesville and vicinity. About this time General Buell was forced back from Middle Tennessee by General Bragg, and General Kirby Smith was moving into Eastern Kentucky. The importance of immediate re-enforcements was so pressing that, without arms, the regiment was hurried to the front. Receiving arms and equipment at Covington, Kentucky, the raw recruits were whirled by rail to Lexington and thence towards Richmond. Before reaching their destination, news came announcing the defeat of our forces under General Nelson by Kirby Smith. Thus the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio was hurled into the midst of the conflict.

The standing of Mr. Cumings in his college studies was so satisfactory that he maintained his position in his class, and, though in the army at commencement time, was graduated with honor.

Ours was not a military nation. We had little preparation for war. The regular army was so small that it might, we would almost think, be considered a negligible quantity. The first advantage was on the side of the South. The ablest commanders were there. Arms and ammunition were there. The South had been expecting a conflict and had already made preparations. They were roused; we were not. The North must create armies and discover generals to command them; must forge weapons, manufacture clothing, build fortifications—do everything almost from the foundation. We had marksmen capable, in their own way, of handling a gun; but undis-

ciplined, not accustomed to submit absolutely to authorities, and educated in the arts of peace. They could furnish the raw material out of which armies could be made.

But when the call for volunteers came, the response was magnificent. They came from all professions and all ranks: farmers left their fertile acres, day laborers left their jobs, clerks left their counters, bookkeepers left their ledgers, merchants left their stores, lawyers left their briefs, doctors left their pills and plasters, ministers left their pulpits, teachers left their schools, mechanics lay down their instruments of labor, peddlers dropped their packs, students closed their books, seminary and college halls were left vacant—such a gathering for an army the world had never seen!

The average of intelligence among our soldiers was very high. When a commander of any of our armies in the field wanted any kind of work done, he had only to call for volunteers from the line or the ranks and competent men were always found: bridge builders, experts in electricity, it mattered not what. The number of students and scholars in the army was something to excite comment. And studies went on: miscellaneous reading, college studies, special courses. In prisons classes were formed in various branches and taught by experienced teachers. There were societies and debating clubs in regiments and companies with regular meetings held in their tents, and even on the march not wholly neglected. And then there were individual students who spent every leisure hour in useful reading and study. We know one young man, a soldier in the ranks, and but a boy, who, among other subjects, pursued the following wide range: the complete works of Virgil, Greek Testament, Gray's great work on Anatomy—while in the hospital—Phrenology, Stenography, three branches of science, several theological treatises, and



Henry H. Cumings
Student

mechanics. He always had one or more books with him whether in camp, field, or hospital. Books were picked up, "confiscated," and everything in the way was read.

Captain Cummings was a great reader of books during his army life, as will be shown later.

A "Diary" conscientiously kept furnishes the materials for the most trustworthy history, and withal is a very interesting piece of literature. It is the history of an individual living and acting within an environment which contributes largely toward making him what he is in this world of men and things. Some passages may be cold and mechanical; but others throb with life and burn with passion. Now and then the pen is dipped in the heart's blood and punctuates its thoughts with passages from which the lightnings flash. There, too, are revealed the real battles, those fought beneath a private hat where the true man seeks to reign as king over himself and to be crowned as conqueror, too. The diary is written amidst the whirlwind of events while they are still fresh. There is no chance for mistakes through defective memory. The writer reveals himself as he is—his acts, his thoughts, his hopes, his plans, his ambitions, his disappointments. It is not a complete disclosure; that were an impossibility, and even if possible, it were a folly. It would make him a traitor to himself.

Even voluntary misstatements or exaggeration of excellencies would probably come to light, and thus become an unintended and unexpected revelation of character.

The historic reliability of the records of a diary is not, however, to be overestimated. This is evident from the circumstances under which it is written. The entry must be made before the causes, reasons and results can be fully known—except within very narrow limits. Second-hand in-

formation must be received with still greater caution. Rumors are to be received only as rumors. These causes of error or insufficient statement are to be especially emphasized in the case of diaries written during the excitement of a military campaign. There is little opportunity for careful and critical composition. The tent or the campstool in the field were patrician accommodations for literary effort. But, late at night after a steady march of twenty-four hours with every bone aching; or on the battlefield with the roll of musketry, the roar of cannon, the scream of shell, and the clang of sabre in the ears, and with the din and confusion of the conflict on every side, with only a minute or two to spare, is not most favorable for communion with a diary. And criticisms on the conduct of the campaign or the actions of soldiers, written under excitement or disappointment or passion are seldom absolutely just. While these and other circumstances weigh against the historic value of such documents, they more perfectly reveal the person. We mistake, therefore, when we endeavor to correct the text of the diary. Read as it is, in blood and under fire, and we get out of it much reliable history, but what is more to our purpose now—we get the man.

We shall make free use of the diary of Captain Cumings. We do not attempt a full record of his army life, only sufficient for our appreciation. It will not be in all its pages continuous. The omissions will doubtless outnumber the selected portions, but it will be a live record of a live man—and very much alive, too.

It should also be recorded to the credit of its author that this diary is remarkable for the conscientiousness displayed in its composition, and its unusual accuracy.



H. H. Cumings, Soldier

III.

THE "HELL-MARCH," AND THE BLOODY BATTLE.

The "War Diary" is our chief authority for some incidents and facts which refer to the part Captain Cumings took in the Civil War. These are given largely in his own words. An introductory note dated April 9, 1863, tells his purpose:

"I have been turning over in my mind for some time the propriety of keeping some record of my thoughts, experiences and the incidents occurring immediately around me. I attempted this once, but for some reason, partly indolence, gave it up. I shall always value the diary and the exercise of writing it if I commence one. Events that will figure in school-boy history to the end of our National existence are transpiring around me. My own observations, if preserved, will in future years be of high interest to me, if to no other. So I undertake this labor, thinking to record what I see, hear and think.

"A running account of myself since I have been in the field may serve as an introduction.

"The first of July, 1862, found me a restless student at Oberlin College. I belonged to the senior class and expected to graduate in the latter part of August. But another call for troops being made, my restlessness increased. I wanted to be off to the field, where my heart had been since the opening of the war. Finally, one morning, I started for home, and received a recruiting commission, dated July 24, 1862, as a second lieutenant. August 12th, I think, I reported in camp, and August 21st, we started for Kentucky. A commission as first lieutenant was issued to me July 25th. Reaching Coving-

ton, Ky., we remained there until paid off, armed and equipped. Proceeded to Lexington, Ky., remained there a few days, marched to assist our forces at Richmond, Ky., the day of the battle at that place, faced about at the Kentucky river, having learned of the disaster to our troops."

Then came the terrible march which has few parallels in history, with which the boys of the One Hundred and Fifth, the ninth day after their muster-in, inaugurated their war experience—back to Lexington, then through Versailles, Frankford and Shelbyville to Louisville. Says Mr. Cumings: "My experience in the army shows me no parallel. The dust was very deep, the weather excessively warm, and scarcely any water to be had. Men fell fainting with thirst, heat and fatigue, at every step, blood flowing from nose, mouth and ears." Albion W. Tourgee, in "The Story of the Thousand," calls it "The Hell-March," and says:

"It had not rained for many weeks save the shower of the night before, which had hardly reached a mile west of Lexington. The dust lay ankle deep upon the hard, hot, limestone pike. The forces that preceded us with their numerous wagons, had raised a cloud which hung over the road, shutting out even the walls and fences on either side. The setting sun shone red and dim through the yellow mass. Each man was weighed down with knapsack and accoutrements. We knew nothing of our destination, or the length of the march before us. Had the knapsacks been burned at the outset, many more would have reached the goal. Men were invisible a few steps away; near at hand, they could only be distinguished by their voices. There were frequent halts, but no rest. When the column ahead got jammed up on itself, we waited until it straightened out. Sometimes it was a minute, sometimes ten or twenty minutes. The yellow, acrid dust settled on beard

and hair, got into the eyes and mouth, and burned the parched throat; while the perspiration made muddy channels down every face.

"The night fell hot and murky. The dust-cloud shut out the stars. By and by the moon rose; the night grew chill, but still the dust rose in choking clouds. The orders forbade details to leave the road in search of water. Men were sent in advance, in hope that they might fill the canteens before the wells were drained. Long before midnight not a drop remained. In spite of orders, a few men were sent out to search for water. It was a strange country. The pools and streams were dry. The wells had been exhausted by those in front. Many of the people were compelled to haul water from a distance for domestic use. These details returned empty-handed as the others had done. About this time colored men came, one by one, and offered to bring water, to carry guns or knapsacks—anything, if they could only follow us. They were loaded down with canteens and accompanied by a few men started for water. An hour after they returned, staggering under their loads of dripping canteens. Was ever water half so sweet! Yet we had scarcely begun to know what thirst is.

"The march would have been a severe one to seasoned, unencumbered veterans; to these men, yet foot-sore, galled, and weary from their first long march, and weighted down with knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets, in addition to ammunition and accoutrements, it was terrible. After a time, the men ceased to scatter to the roadside when there came a halt. They had no strength to spare, and the roadside was almost as dusty as the pike. So they merely knelt down in their places, bowed themselves forward to relieve the strain on the straps that galled and cut into the shoulder, and slept. In the moonlight they looked like heaps of dust, or pilgrims fallen asleep at prayer. At the word, they stumbled to their

feet, sometimes awake, sometimes asleep, and staggered on. The ambulances were soon full. It was said, there were wagons somewhere in front in which those who were unable to go farther might be transported. But when a man can go no farther, such provision is of little good. We were the rear of the column; back of us was only our own rear-guard and the enemy.

“ There were several alarms during the night; firing, off at the left, then at the right, then in the rear. It was probably marauding bands of guerillas, who set upon our men in search of water. Once we were stampeded. There had been a longer halt than usual. The dusty fugitives knelt in the road, or were stretched out beside it. There was an uproar at the rear; the sound of galloping hoofs upon the pike. There was a cry of ‘Rebs!’ ‘Cavalry!’ Every sleeping figure sprang suddenly to life. Men ran over each other, stumbled, sprawled headlong, then rose and fled over the wall into an adjoining field; across that to a bit of wood. When the pike was clear, a big, gray mule came charging down it, frisking his tail, and making night hideous with his discordant bray.

“ The foot-sore and exhausted soldiers were with difficulty aroused from sleep. It is little wonder. Within four days they had marched seventy miles, laid in line of battle one night and marched all of another. Every foot was blistered; every muscle was sore. Heavy with sleep, they staggered to their places in the line, the stronger aiding the weaker ones. There were moans and curses. Some of the stoutest yesterday were now the faintest. Slowly we dragged our way to our position in the retreating column and stumbled painfully along in the darkness. * * * Men dropped unconsciously from heat and thirst. Water was still scarce. Every well and spring was drained. Men crowded about them, pushing, scrambling, often fighting for a few muddy drops. Tormented

by heat and thirst, and almost smothered by dust, we dragged through the long hours of that day, bivouacking at night by the roadside, with no water save what was found after a long search in some stagnant pools two miles away.

“ At one o'clock came the order to move, and we again plodded on, halting every few minutes, the men dropping on their faces in the dust, would be asleep almost before the command was given. When the word came to march, many of them would rise and stagger on, still asleep. That day we marched until eight o'clock at night, and then bivouacked, for the first time since leaving Lexington, in a green field with plenty of good water. The next day, September 5th, a little after noon, we reached the suburbs of Louisville.”

Then followed several weeks of organization and drill. The regiment was assigned to the brigade of General William R. Terrill, with the Twenty-third and Eighteenth Illinois, and the One Hundred and First Indiana. The general organized a battery of artillery of five Napoleons, one three-inch rifled Parrott, and two twelve-pound howitzers. Mr. Cumings was assigned to the command of one section of two guns.

For the first time the soldiers were made acquainted with the “ ubiquitous and indestructible hardtack ” of which Mr. Tourgee, writing in 1895, says:

“ A qualitative analysis of one issue of hardtack, made by one of the largest firms with which our government dealt at that time, showed such quantities of pipe-clay or ground white soapstone, as to lead a physician, who saw the results, to declare that thirty days of such food was enough to endanger the life of the strongest man. This adulteration was unquestionably one of the causes of disease of the alimentary system in the Northern army; and it is quite possible that this diet of alum and pipeclay is, to a large degree, responsible for the strong showing of intestinal disease among the survivors.

There is a poetic justice in the idea of a nation being taxed for pensions to soldiers whom it allowed to be poisoned while fighting in its defense."

The pursuit of General Bragg began October 1. "Through the incompetency or treason of General Buell, he was allowed to mass his force and hurl it upon us. After an exceedingly fierce engagement of twenty minutes or a half hour, we were driven back, our guns captured and most of our horses shot. Here, too, we lost nearly one-half of our men. At dark the engagement ceased. The enemy wisely did not renew it in the morning, but now our gallant general must show himself. A strong position was chosen, the army was disposed for battle, the wonders of strategy appeared before our eyes. With great edification we watched the admirable disposition of the forces and all the little *et ceteras* of the accomplished soldier, the great strategist, the unequalled disciplinarian. But all this time the enemy was running away taking along the spoil that they had come for. After four or five days' delay we moved slowly so as not to interfere with the enemy in case any untoward accident should delay him. Well this farce ended, we retraced our steps, turned to the left, and the most of the army proceeded to Nashville, Tenn. Our brigade was sent to Mumfordsville, Ky., an important post half way between Louisville and Nashville on the L. & N. R. R. Here I was detailed as Post Quartermaster. The brigade remained here a month and was then moved forward. I remained as Post Q. M. till the first of March when I returned to my regiment now at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Soon after returning, our brigade, under command of Col. A. S. Hall, of my regiment, went out in the direction of Liberty, Tenn., on a scout. While returning and near Milton, thirteen miles from camp, we were attacked by General John H. Morgan, with three times our number of rebel troops, mostly mounted in-

fantry. A column of the enemy pushed up past our right to reach our rear and was repulsed by the Eighteenth Illinois. My regiment remained as a support to the artillery, which was gradually falling back to a crest over which our road passed a short distance ahead. Here we finally halted. The right, our regiment, was deployed as skirmishers to the rear and front on the southern side of the road. I was on the front near the road. While we were making this movement the One Hundred and First Indiana and One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois which had fallen back to a position opposite us, on the other side of the road were vigorously attacked by the enemy whose left flank also engaged us. Our regiment was partially flanked, fell back a little, rallied and reinforced by five companies of the Eighteenth Illinois handsomely repulsed the enemy. He then retired and opened a vigorous shelling with a view to dismounting our artillery and shelling us out. Most of his shots fell near me and I had many narrow escapes but was unhurt. At five o'clock the enemy withdrew, having sustained heavy loss. The next day we returned to camp and have remained here ever since."

The opinion of Captain Cumings as to the generalship of General Buell was far from flattering to that gentleman. He was not alone in uncomplimentary criticisms. Speaking of his pursuit of General Bragg, Mr. Tourgee says:

"Two days after Bragg had started on his march Buell telegraphed to the commanding officer at Murfreesboro: 'Could a good battlefield be chosen about Murfreesboro, affording position for the flanks and rear of a large army? Report in as much detail as possible in cipher.'

"Having thus advertised for a battlefield, he gave the order to concentrate on Nashville, leaving Bragg to pass undisturbed through a difficult region scarce a score of miles from the left of his army, and cross the Cumberland at his

leisure. In this retreat, General Buell displayed his best qualities as a commander. His arrangements were perhaps, the most perfect ever made for such a movement. As if on review, his army moved in the exact order prescribed for the various divisions and detachments. From Huntsville, Decatur, Bridgeport, Stevenson, Battle Creek, McMinnville, Decherd, and all the scattered intervening posts, the retreat began on schedule time, and was conducted with admirable precision. It was one of the most masterly retreats ever planned, as why should it not be, since there was none to oppose or obstruct, to hasten or hinder? In order to secure its complete success, General Buell asked, with urgent importunity, that Grant would send, with all possible haste, two divisions to swell his army, already greater than that of the enemy from whom he fled, while that enemy romped leisurely down the western slope of the Cumberland mountains into the fertile plains of Kentucky. This was done, and the movement was completed without the least variation from schedule time. Not a man or a wagon was lost, as, indeed, none could well be, unless they strayed from the line of march, since there was no enemy in front or rear for half a hundred miles, save one who was marching away from Nashville as eagerly as Buell was pressing toward it.

“When his army was finally encamped upon the banks of the Cumberland, Bragg had already crossed that river, and was preparing to fall upon Mumfordsville. Whether the commander of the Army of the Ohio stopped in his march to the rear to inspect the battlefield for which he had advertised, near Murfreesboro, or not, is not now ascertainable; but that he still believed that Bragg was merely maturing some fell plan to compass his destruction, there is abundant evidence, as also that it required the whole force of the national administration to start him from Nashville on that leisurely

march he finally made so close upon the rear of Bragg's army, that the dust of their passage was hardly settled when his advance guard arrived. Only the most consummate skill could have avoided a collision with the army in his front, and inferior to him in numbers, or delayed his march long enough to permit the junction of the Confederate commander and his lieutenant in the heart of Kentucky."

In the battle of Perryville, fought October 8, 1862, the One Hundred and Fifth lost one man out of every three. It was their "Baptism of Fire." General Bragg in his account of the engagement says: "For the time engaged, it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge." General McCook declared it to be "the bloodiest battle of modern times for the numbers engaged on our side." Parsons' Battery did some terrible fighting, though Captain Cumings in his journal does not speak of his personal part in the conflict. From other sources we learn that he served his guns with great gallantry. In his account of the battle, at a later date, he says: "I commanded one section composed of two twelve-pounders, and that day my section had the right of the battery and went into position at the right of the line just at the right of the position that the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio soon took. Being on the right we were able to stay by our guns longer than the other detachments of the battery. The last gun fired from the battery was my right gun, which I fired with my own hands. General Terrill was with us, directing the working of the guns during most of the short engagement. General Jackson passed me and spoke to me but a moment before he fell. The enemy took all our guns except one howitzer, which being in the rear did not have time to get into action." Mr. Tourgee speaks of the end:

"There was a clang of bayonets. The left companies surged forward to the front of the battery. Cumings, of ours,

fired the two right guns, double-shotted with canister, full in the faces of the enemy, then almost at the muzzles of the pieces, and with his few remaining men dashed through our ranks to the rear under cover of the smoke. We would have cheered them but were too busy with our own work to give more than a flash of the eye to their gallantry." Two-thirds of all the men of the battery had been killed or wounded.

Colonel Porter of the Sixth Tennessee reports: "It was here, at the fence and between it and the point where the battery was in position, that this regiment sustained its greatest loss. Here was the hottest part of the engagement." Lieutenant-Colonel Buford, of the Ninth Tennessee, was wounded and two company commanders and the color-bearer killed in the final charge upon the battery. Lieutenant-Colonel W. Frierson, of the Twenty-ninth Tennessee, speaks of the fire as "such a storm of shell, grape and minie balls as no troops scarcely ever before encountered."

Elsewhere Captain Cumings gives a brief account of his connection with the battery: "We worked and drilled untiringly to get our battery into shape and learn to handle it. Our general spent his leisure time among us instructing us and inspiring us with his enthusiasm. We began to feel confidence in our skill and powers and long for the day when we could show the enemy what we could do with our guns. I may mention that we got over all such longing forever during the first campaign. On the first day of October, 1862, we set out from Louisville under General Buell (McCook's Corps) in the direction of Danville, Ky. Our advance began skirmishing almost immediately with the enemy. They fell back steadily, however, until October 8th. We encountered them in force on Chaplin Hill near Perrysville, Ky. Our battery was thrown forward to the extreme left of the line. No reconnaissance in our front was made. A short distance in front of us and ex-



Captain H. H. Cumings

tending far to our left was a dense woods which, as the event proved, was full of the enemy. They charged us at once. Their line extending far beyond and wrapping around our left poured down our line an enfilading fire. Our infantry supports gave way; we did not know enough to leave. We gave the enemy canister as fast as we could fire, but they soon routed us and took all our guns except one which did not get into action. We lost our patron, General Terrill, killed on the field. It was the hottest fire I ever experienced as you may well know when I state that we were under fire only about twenty minutes and in that time two-thirds of all the men of our battery on the field were killed or wounded. The battery was disbanded and I returned to my regiment."

Captain Cumings was ever a student, and in a broad sense, and he read with understanding and discrimination. We may have frequent occasion to mention this thirst for knowledge. April 14, 1863, he wrote:

"Finished 'Mill on the Floss.' It is a smooth, genial, well written work, possessing a considerable degree of humor, a fair insight into character and leaves the reader with purified feelings and purposes, strengthened to virtue and nobility of character. Its conclusion is sad, but I do not know as I would change the plot. Tom Tulliver is an honest, upright, energetic person whom, in spite of his sternness and wilfulness one cannot help admiring. I like his clear, keen, stern, almost harsh sense of justice. It works badly with such exceptional, imaginative people as Maggie, but God give us more of it in the world. The people of the United States, or Northern part at least, have become so squeamish with regard to punishment that vice may almost be said to be at a premium."

The next day we find this patriotic entry: "Have finished reading a speech of Hon. H. G. Blake in Congress, in which he pins Vallandigham down finely as well as gets off

a good deal of general truth for the benefit of Copperheads. I value the speech highly for the resolutions and addresses which it contains. The one from the soldiers of Ohio is full of pungent truth. The soldiers feel deeply the importance of the work in which they are engaged and will not hold him guiltless who tampers and trifles with this sacred cause. A tempest of fiery wrath and indignation is gathering in the heavens. Let skulking traitors in the North beware and hide their diminished heads before the storm bursts upon them in overwhelming fury. A great people is in arms. Their cause is just and sacred. It is our country born upon the battlefields of the revolution and consecrated now anew amid the smoke and thunder of battle."

IV.

THE TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN.

While the One Hundred and Fifth was at Mumfordsville, Kentucky, Captain Cummings was detached by General W. S. Rosecrans, who had succeeded General Buell in command, and appointed Quartermaster of the Post. March 1, 1863, he was relieved and joined his regiment which was now incorporated in the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanded by General George H. Thomas, and now in camp near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The battle of Milton was fought on the eighteenth of March, and General John H. Morgan suffered his first defeat.

Wednesday, April 22, 1863.—“ We began our march to-day soon after daylight. It rained during a greater part of the night, but I had so arranged my blankets that I kept dry. The men's blankets were thrown into the wagons and carried. We halted early in the afternoon and made arrangements for camping. Near the place we halted, there was a family in a terrible state of destitution. The mother was dead, the father old, and the children, two boys and a girl, young. The children were almost absolutely naked and nearly starved. General Reynolds placed a guard over the house and sent them some provisions. About dark we moved on some five or six miles to the Liberty and Smithville pike and encamped about midnight two miles northwest of Smithville.”

Thursday, April 23, 1863.—“ We were aroused at 5 o'clock a. m. and soon after resumed our march. We traveled in the direction of Liberty on the pike. Colonel Wilder with the mounted troops took roads on our flanks. In the course of our march we descended Snow Hill a distance of nearly two miles. There seems to be here a range of very high hills or

mountains, east and south of them there is a high table land, below or west and north a level tract of considerable extent. About noon we reached Liberty where we made a short halt. Just before reaching this place we passed a rebel camp which had been deserted just before in the greatest haste. They had burned one wagon and left considerable loose baggage. After a short halt in Liberty we moved on. When we had proceeded a short distance we saw the flames rising from the burning commissary building and grist mill used by the rebels. After marching two miles we came to camp in a fine grove at the junction of the Lebanon and Murfreesboro pikes. Our camp is a very fine one. It is frequently occupied by the rebels. It is a ridge covered with trees, a river on one side, a creek on the other side and a fine spring near. Near us were confined the rebel prisoners. I went down to see them, had a long conversation with a rebel captain in Colonel Cluke's regiment of Morgan's command. He is a Kentuckian of wealth, talent, and education, I should say. He participated in the Morgan raid into Kentucky last winter. We compared notes extensively with reference to that expedition. He also participated in the Hartsville affair and gave me an account of that business. From his account I am perfectly satisfied that ordinary vigilance would have saved us this disgraceful affair."

Monday, April 24, 1863.—"Today we have spent in camp, waiting I suppose to allow our mounted force time to scour the country. These hills are full of rebels. The guerilla forces that we are hunting live mostly from the country and operate very independently, so that they are necessarily very much scattered. We find small squads everywhere. An artillery man last night, while strolling just outside the camp, captured a rebel who was riding boldly up. The day we have spent in bathing, fishing and resting. I attempted to spear fish, but did not succeed. A fine joke was played this evening

upon a certain captain of our regiment, Captain Sweet. He and Captain Riker went out to visit the pickets. Wagon Master Potter heading a small party 'captured them,' Potter and his party being disguised as rebels. According to arrangement Captain Riker soon escaped; Sweet was blindfolded and led about in different directions, made to believe he was taken far from our camp, questioned closely with respect to our forces, etc., induced to sign a parole of honor to report to Morgan at McMinnville in ten days and even to promise to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy when he finally escaped, jumping off a bank 15 or 20 feet high. The affair furnished a good deal of amusement."

Saturday, April 25, 1863.—"At 8 o'clock this morning we marched; marched very rapidly and went into camp early in a grove to the left of the pike and ten miles from Lebanon, having marched today fourteen miles. Several rebel wagons loaded with flour were captured today. Just before we camped a lady came from her house to the road and waved her handkerchief to us; occasionally indicating her pleasure at seeing us. Such a demonstration is rare, very rare for this country, though there are many professed Unionists here. Very much demonstration on either side cannot be expected where both parties occupy the country successively. We begin to experience some of the inconvenience of warm climates in the great abundance of insects, etc. I awoke this morning feeling very unwell. Had a very severe chill, set in after rising; this was succeeded by nausea and headache, but the vigorous march was the best remedy and night found me feeling quite well. After fixing my bed and shelter I had Pack bring a candle and I read for some time the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'"

Sunday, April 26, 1863.—"Marched at 8 o'clock at a moderate rate; when perhaps a mile and a half from Lebanon we passed a house on the porch of which the whole family

were assembled waving their handkerchiefs and giving other tokens of approbation. They are earnestly Union in their sentiments, and the soldiers as they passed showed their appreciation of their favor. Two young ladies of the family, who appeared to be quite beautiful, made me long for a detail as picket or safeguard thereabouts. We passed on through the city and encamped in a lovely camp a mile beyond town. I saw very many pretty girls who certainly cannot accuse any of us of insensibility to their charms. We made ourselves very comfortable and enjoyed very much the prospect of several days' sojourn here."

Monday, April 27, 1863.—" This morning after lounging about camp I at 9 o'clock went to Lebanon. I amused myself till 1 o'clock picking up several trinkets of interest, among the rest a copy of 'Peregrine Pickle' by Smollett. I had quite a conversation with two citizens, one a merchant, upon the war. They did not dispute my ideas, acknowledged they were well off in the Union, doubted whether they should ever be as well off out of it and earnestly wished the old state of things could be restored. They admitted that the South was now in a terrible condition and the future prospects gloomy. How much of this was due to the moral effect of the blue blouses and Springfield rifles seen about the streets I will not attempt to say. After returning the captain (Riker) went to town. I laid down to examine and commence reading my new acquisition, 'Peregrine Pickle.' It seems full of humor. At 4 or 5 o'clock an order to 'fall in' suddenly came and in a few minutes we were all ready to move out. We marched back the road we came towards Liberty and encamped at about 10 o'clock p. m. about eight miles from Lebanon. I was picket in advance. What's up is the question. We shall see."

Saturday, May 30, 1863.—" This evening a meeting of officers was held at Captain Spalding's quarters for the pur-

pose of framing an expression of our feelings towards Captain Canfield who was dismissed from the service on account of the unfortunate capture of a forage train under his command. In our communication to him we expressed our great personal friendship and respect, our appreciation of his bravery and patriotism and our regrets for his misfortune. He undoubtedly erred greatly in his management of that unfortunate expedition; still we cannot help pitying him and regretting that an officer so gentlemanly, brave and patriotic should have made such a mistake. After our adjournment we proceeded to the major's quarters, the major having recently received a cask of ale, and by sundry hints led him to suspect that we were dry, whereupon three foaming pails of ale quickly dissipated our raging thirst. The major is universally rated a good fellow; he has always held that character among us."

Sunday, May 31, 1863.—"The day passed quickly; remained in camp. This evening Colonel Hall came over in great displeasure at the action of last evening with reference to Captain Canfield. He called upon Captains Riker and Edwards and insisted upon the withdrawal of those resolutions, or their reconsideration. After discussing the matter till nearly midnight they adjourned."

Monday, June 1, 1863.—"The great topic this morning is the Canfield resolutions. The general conclusion seems to be to reconsider and revise them. Inspection appointed at 10 o'clock. About 9 o'clock Colonel Hall came over and demanded of Captain Spaulding to deliver up the Canfield resolutions, which happened to be temporarily in his possession. He of course refused, the paper being a private one containing nothing treasonable or improper, and an order of this sort being improper. Colonel Hall at once put Captain Spaulding under arrest. Soon after he demanded it of Lieutenant Wallace, the secretary, to whom the paper was transferred. Lieutenant

Wallace paid no attention to the order, but took his company out upon inspection. Colonel Hall called him in and again demanded the paper. The lieutenant declined to give it up. He was at once put under arrest, a volley of curses poured upon his head and he was given to understand that in a few days he should be most disgracefully dismissed from the service. The lieutenant was then conducted under guard to his quarters, his quarters were searched by the guard, and the paper forcibly removed. Soon after Captain Spalding and Lieutenant Wallace were confined to their quarters. The greatest indignation prevails among the officers: nothing else is thought of or talked of. If the present course is followed up the One Hundred and Fifth will need a new set of line officers."

Tuesday, June 2, 1863.—"This morning three-fourths of the line officers have concluded to offer their resignations immediately unless the paper before spoken of is returned to Lieutenant Wallace and the two officers under arrest released. This Colonel Hall positively refused, so all are busy preparing resignations. This afternoon Colonel Hall came over, having perhaps begun to appreciate the fact that bullying will not work and finally offered to restore everything to the old status and undo everything, if the officers would state in writing, what they have always stated verbally, the meaning of the resolutions to Captain Canfield. This was readily done, but, for some unexplained cause, Colonel Hall does not fulfill his share of the contract; perhaps he wishes to back water."

Wednesday, June 3, 1863.—"This morning Captain Spalding demanded the charges against him and the proposed action in his case. The resignations were again brought forth to be handed in at once if the contract was not fulfilled. So Captain Spalding and Lieutenant Wallace were released, the paper returned and all proceedings stopped. Thus ends a quarrel which threatened, at one time, to cause the resignation

or dismissal of nearly every line officer in the regiment. The officers of the regiment possess more spirit than I supposed. There has been enough brow-beating and bullying with the officers of the regiment. They will never complain at discipline, they will obey all proper orders, cheerfully and with alacrity, but they insist upon that respect and courtesy due to them as officers and gentlemen."

Army life furnished many incidents of similar character. They seldom find a place in history, and yet have their importance. They present an interesting side of the character of our soldiers. The enlisted men could be made into the most magnificent fighting machine, subjected to severe discipline, schooled to endurance, often displaying the loftiest heroism and devotion, bound in loyalty to their country—and to their comrades, too—by ties stronger than death; and yet, while yielding absolute obedience to all military commands, maintaining their own independent personality. Superior position did not to them prove superior wisdom or greatness. They were responsible and free citizens before they were soldiers. They were men before their enlistment, they were no less men after they donned the blue.

There are two classes of so-called superiors in both civil and military life. The first possesses the *stuff*, the other tries, though with poor success, to ape it. The one is true, the other a lie. The one is natural, the other, an attempted imitation. The one is conscious of personal worth, the other is conscious of himself. The one commands by character and ability, the other by bluster and assumption. The one owes his position to recognized merit, the other to accident or unworthy motives and plans. The one is loved, the other is tolerated, sometimes feared, often despised and hated. The soldiers did not often misjudge their superiors. They could read them, and did read

them. There were different opinions, to be sure, as always will be the case even between a very small number of persons and upon any subject of thought or observation.

The soldiers claimed the right to express their opinions; and when there was an act of tyranny they surely could, without any breach of military discipline or honor, show their sympathy for the sufferer. They might also express a dignified protest to their superior officer. They were qualified to do this, for many of them were the equals of their superior officers in every respect except position. There was sometimes—this probably always showed unwisdom—almost an open rebellion. We knew a regiment in the early part of '61, which while at Albany, N. Y., was furnished with the old Springfield musket which they carried as far as Washington, but stacking their muskets on the parade ground refused to cross the Potomac until better armed. After some delay they were persuaded to take their guns again, and were soon armed with Enfield rifles. On another occasion, after a "knapsack drill" of several hours on a hot August afternoon, a debating society consisting of a little group of soldiers met and passed unanimously by a "groaning vote" preamble, and resolution requesting the colonel of the regiment to read Matthew xxiii, 4: "Yes, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger." We do not know what influence this may have had, but that was the last "knapsack drill" in that regiment during the whole term of service.

The march on the Tullahoma campaign began Wednesday, June 24, 1863, when Captain Cumings writes:

"This morning we were in line at 4 o'clock and moved soon afterwards, first to Murfreesboro and then in the direction of Manchester. Colonel Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry and artillery led the advance and kept the road

clear so that our march for some miles was unmarked by incident worth noting. In the later portion of the forenoon and early part of the afternoon we heard occasional cannonading on the Shelbyville pike along which McCook is advancing. About the middle of the afternoon we halted to camp; about the same time firing began a mile in advance. We were soon ordered forward; the rebels shelled us as we approached but without effect; the firing both musketry and artillery became very heavy, but before we reached the point, Colonel Wilder's men had repulsed the rebels and driven them to a new position. We were formed in a strong position and made no further advance this evening. The Spencer repeating rifle with which the mounted men are armed did splendid work. The rebels are armed with Enfield guns. It commenced raining early this morning and has rained hard all day and will probably rain hard all night. My rubber blankets are in the wagon far to the rear. I have been soaked to the skin all day; the weather is getting worse and we are allowed no fires; hard bread is our only food, water our only drink, still all are cheerful."

Thursday, June 25, 1863.—"I write this lying flat on the ground, the regiment in line of battle. The bullets are whistling a few feet over my head, a vigorous cannonading has been going on but has now ceased. A short time ago the pickets were firing rapidly, but there is now a sort of lull. Not more than twenty shots a minute immediately in front of us. It is now about sundown. Last night in spite of great fatigue, being wet to the skin and chilly, I slept quite well for the first portion of the night; the last portion the rain was too violent. About 5 o'clock a. m. I was sent out in charge of the picket in our front. Lieutenant Lockwood was with me. My force was thirty-eight men. At first the rebels paid but little attention to me but a body of sharpshooters posted themselves, and about an hour after I took command of the picket, fired a

heavy volley upon myself and a half dozen men whom I was posting. Fortunately no one was hurt, although the bullets came thick and fast and close. After that a moment's exposure would draw a bullet from the rebel sharpshooters. I was fired upon many times, fortunately escaping, neither, strange to say, were any of my men hurt. Lieutenant Lockwood's head was almost grazed by a ball while we were standing together. After watching the movements of the enemy and keeping up a prolonged skirmish with them till noon we were relieved by a party under command of Captain Spalding and Lieutenant Wallace. Just before being relieved, Barnes or 'Barney' came up from the wagons with rubber blankets and a warm breakfast of boiled potatoes, pork and coffee, and hardtack. A drink of whiskey and the ceasing of the rain completed my happiness. Returning to camp I first dried my coat lining, then my socks, and then I laid down. The rebel sharpshooters know our location and keep up constant firing upon us, which has so far passed over our heads. Webster was wounded last night, I hear by a shell. He got separated from us by accident as we moved up to the battlefield last night, attempted to find us, could not, went in with some of Wilder's men that he found and came out with a wound in the ankle. He is a good boy, will fight. It is now quite dark; the prospect for a fight, which was good, when I commenced to write, has ceased. After writing the above we were moved back to another ridge one-half mile to the rear, our place in line being taken by Rousseau."

Friday, June 26, 1863.—"Early this morning we were ordered into line. Just as we were preparing to move Tom King of Madison, rode up. His battery, 'Southwick's,' is reported near. After marching a short distance we passed Captain Southwick. We moved one-half mile to the rear and turned into a field and rested in place upon the side of a high

hill. It rained incessantly and very hard. About 11 o'clock we were marched to our position in line of battle. The whole of our corps seems to be here and troops have been moving rapidly all the morning to various positions. Evidently the time has come for routing the enemy out of Hoover's Gap. We moved forward to a position on the extreme left of our line; to our right Loomis' Battery was planted; in rear of us was the Eighteenth Indiana Battery, I think. Our brigade formed for battle thus: From right to left, Seventy-fifth Indiana, One Hundred and Fifth Ohio, One Hundred and First Indiana, and Sixty-eighth Indiana in rear. Wilder's mounted brigade passed around, to our right. Captain Crowell with Companies 'A' and 'G' was thrown forward in front of our battalion. They immediately began a skirmish with a company of rebel cavalry. We moved forward in line of battle, one-half to three-fourths of a mile, expecting every moment a volley from the enemy, our artillery throwing shells over our heads. But the enemy made no stand and we readily obtained possession of the ridge we aimed for. There was much cannonading all the time, but the rebel force is gone and only a mounted force in the rear is to be seen. About 1 o'clock we moved forward on the Manchester pike. We marched ten or twelve miles, nothing of interest occurring. Here we found our provisions and blankets had been left behind, so we cut boughs for beds, ate hardtack for supper, and laid down to sleep."

The next day they reached Manchester, Tennessee.

"While lying here General Rosecrans, staff and escort passed us; each regiment as it passed raised a cheer which he acknowledged by raising his hat. He wore over his uniform a large gum blanket and an ordinary civilian's black felt hat. His face habitually wears a smiling expression, not an open, careless, good natured look but an intense, keen expression

and look very imperfectly covered with an outward smile. He is of a sandy complexion, much of the florid, an aquilline nose, a head that reminds me much of President Finney's. Indeed there is much likeness in the character of the two men, strength of will, intensity of feeling, nervous, almost fierce energy of expression, religious enthusiasm, the same extreme tendencies, predisposition to the ultra, the same power of believing. Their complexions and temperaments are very similar. General Rosecrans has a singular way of removing his hat in acknowledging salutes; he grasps it with the entire right hand by the top of the crown near the back and right side."

Sunday, June 28, 1863.—"I wandered about town awhile this evening; the male residents that I saw are very quiet and indifferent; the females are mostly very vindictive or contemptuous in their actions towards the soldiers. It is amusing to observe the pains some take to manifest their feelings. My opinion or estimate of Southern refinement has been very much lowered from what it was even recently, by observing the manner in which the women show their feelings. By manner I mean attitudes, gestures and language. Some of the 'bon-ton' young ladies expressed the wish to some of the officers of this regiment that the earth would open up and let the 'Yankees' drop into hell, that they might visit his Satanic majesty at a high rate of speed, etc., all expressed in language common enough perhaps in camp but never heard in respectable society in Ohio. In my, necessarily, very limited experience among people of this state, I have observed among 'ladies' a shockingly frequent use of slangy phrases, by-words and profane expressions. The truth is the entire society here is coarse, brutalized, degraded; that refinement and purity of thought, feeling and actions, which we see in Northern ladies and which is the foundation of our great respect for women as women

we see little of here. Slavery in various ways has destroyed all these qualities, has broken down the barriers thrown about virtue, has corrupted the minds of the people, and made them coarse and sensual."

The regiment encamped the next day within seven miles of Tullahoma.

"Private foraging is the order of the day; the camp is full of fresh meat. A drove of sheep, attempting to escape from some member of another regiment, lost their lives in an astonishingly brief period while trying to get through our camp. It would be much better if the commissaries would take this business into their hands, seize all the cattle, etc., and issue the meat regularly. Aside from the habits it begets in the men, it is attended with great waste. We are now on short rations with prospect of less soon and economy in food is an important item."

Reaching Tullahoma July 1, the "diary" continues:

"The scene that presented itself would have delighted the fiercest southern hater. Most of the houses that were occupied had guards placed in them. The rest, a considerable portion, seemed to be given up to the soldiers. The streets resounded with the noise of demolition. The houses were torn down, every conceivable article of furniture was carried off to the camps. Here a soldier was carrying a mahogany veneered bedstead, there another a corner cupboard of the size and appearance of a hen coop, several more were carrying doors of all descriptions. In a fence corner sat a private leisurely contemplating his image in a gilt framed, oval shaped mirror, of some three feet in diameter. Other enterprising spirits had discovered a quantity of tobacco which they were carrying off in quantities varying from over two hundred pounds down; cooking utensils of every description were rapidly making their way into camp. What use many of the articles could be ap-

plied to one could not well conceive, but the soldiers seemed wild with the idea of emptying the town into their camp. In a house near where we halted sat two good looking young ladies weeping bitterly over the general destruction. While I regretted such a performance, I could feel no pity for the people. They have sown to the wind, let them reap the whirlwind. Uniformly, whenever in these little towns, guards are established and quiet maintained, a soldier cannot pass along the street without insult. If the usual course had been pursued at Tullahoma, these same young ladies would likely have paraded themselves constantly near the street for the purpose of insulting so far as they could, by language and gestures every soldier and officer who might pass. If we behave as friends towards them they treat us as the most despised and hated enemies. Let them feel that hatred and enmity is mutual and, while the weak will be protected, they must remember what becomes them. After considerable halting in town we moved out nearly a mile southwest where we encamped. The whole region hereabouts has been a rebel camp. They left in such haste that they left many of their tents standing; the road was strewn with cast-off articles. The fortifications which I saw were usually slight, breastworks and rifle pits. Woods and orchards have been cut down all around them within the last two or three days for the purpose of impeding our march and giving them clear range. Evidently, the conclusion to fall back and not fight, had been suddenly taken."

The first national holiday in the army called forth a burst of patriotism from the great army now in the field. Captain Cumings writes:

"The Glorious Fourth of July from my earliest childhood has been associated in my mind with the roar of cannon, the noise of fire crackers, the pompous oratory, the sonorous reading of the Declaration of Independence. We

celebrate it today, but not as heretofore. The booming of cannon is heard all day, but they are charged with shot and shell; the crackle of fire crackers is deepened and strengthened to the report of rifles and the Declaration of Independence and the glorious ideas growing from it are acted and felt but not spoken. Liberty is defended, not proclaimed or celebrated. And the sight of brave men offering their lives in the cause of human liberty and happiness is worthy of the day with its sublime associations. All Hail, Ye Noble Sons of the Revolution, your spirit is not dead. The ideas announced from Independence Hall have shaken the earth, and they will sway the minds of men to the end of time. Your descendants, proud of their heritage, are proving themselves worthy sons of their noble sires and proper recipients of your gift. I rejoice that I am an American, an inheritor of your glory, and I trust a sharer of the glory of today. We marched two and one-half miles today to Breakfield where we encamped. A lively skirmish took place here yesterday, several casualties on both sides. A rebel colonel lies in an adjoining house desperately wounded."

A year later we find the following:

"A beautiful day; we remained in camp until the middle of the forenoon. In front of us and distant nearly two miles the enemy could be plainly seen working like bees throwing up a breastwork along the summit of a ridge. About 10 o'clock a. m. we received orders to return to Marietta and garrison the town. This order was grateful enough after our long campaigning. Reached Marietta about the middle of the afternoon, camped in a dooryard in the eastern part of the town. Made sundry explorations about town in search of books, tobacco, etc., in which I was somewhat successful. Most of the officers devoted themselves during the evening to the celebration of the Fourth of July. Several found sufficient 'commissary' to become very merry."

V.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Saturday, August 1, 1863.—“This afternoon Captain Wilcox and myself went out three-fourths of a mile to visit a splendid view of scenery. It was the finest by far I have ever seen. On the right as far as the eye could see extend the range of the Cumberland Mountains, beautifully undulating and covered thickly with verdure. On the left a spur of the mountains struck out to the front some distance; while in front, reaching out till lost in the dim distance, was a beautiful valley dotted with farm houses, divided into groves and fields rich with verdure, the whole forming a most lovely panorama. After viewing this scene we went down the mountain a mile or so, visited various objects of interest, the most prominent of which was a large spring which supplied a mill. The water was very cold and a strong current of cold air poured forth from the spring, condensing the moisture in the warm air and producing a fine fog or mist about the spring. We returned to camp highly delighted with our explorations.”

Sunday, August 2, 1863.—“This morning Captain Wilcox and myself extended our explorations. Descending the mountain at the same place, we visited a spring similar to the one mentioned yesterday, coming from a cave. Borrowing a lantern we entered the cave. Finding the bottom covered to a depth of several inches with water, we removed our shoes and stockings, rolled up our pants and proceeded to wade up the cave. It soon opened out into fine chambers containing some beautiful stalactitic formations. After proceeding a quarter of a mile perhaps, our lamp suddenly began to grow dim and we hastily returned, succeeding in reaching the entrance to the cave

just as our light went out. We had not sufficient light to appreciate the cave, but it seems to be a very fine one. After this we visited various farmers, talking with them on various subjects.

“All the able-bodied men are either deserters from the rebel army or have spent the past year hiding out in the mountains to avoid being forced into the rebel army. They all express a hope of our success. Some of them I think are sincere in their attachment to the Union, but the most want peace and are indifferent as to which party triumphs; desiring our success only as promising a more speedy termination of the war or at least relieving them, by our occupation of the country, from the terror of conscription. At one house we found two old men who live over the mountains near Chattanooga who were obliged to leave home a year since with Buell on account of Unionism. They told many horrible stories of rebel barbarities to Union men. I wish some ardent admirer at home of southern nobility, chivalry and all the array of pet names with which they love to designate the admirable qualities of Southerners, could have heard the simple stories of these old men. They would have heard how old men were shot while at work in their fields, how families were driven from home and subjected to every hardship and privation which could be inflicted upon them, for the mere suspicion of loving the old flag; how old men and mothers were tortured to extort from them the knowledge of the hiding places of their sons; tied up and whipped; hung till nearly dead, strangled till their tongues protrude, when they were seized and cut off; how four old men, because they would not betray their sons received three hundred lashes on their naked bodies; how others for a similar offence had their noses shot off, their faces being burned and blackened with the powder; in short every outrage which fiends could devise or devils execute, at which Satan

himself should shudder, these old men narrated in a plain, simple straightforward manner, giving names and dates and localities, many of them near us. Of course leaders in the armies did not attend to the details of these outrages, but they would never have been executed if proper means to prevent had been adopted. The truth is there exists in the slave states a strong element of barbarism; acts of a similar character are not uncommon. I was told today by the wife of one of the farmers, the history of a neighbor recently caught in a gang of independent guerrillas or robbers. His name was Myers. His first exploit of note was when a boy of twelve or fourteen he murdered a little brother by pounding his head with stones and concealing the body in a hollow log. His father to save him from punishment, made oath that he was not twelve years of age; when several years later a neighbor, passing along, discovered him at work at an old hollow tree blocking up the hollow with stones and pieces of wood and trying to set fire to the tree. The man, knowing the boy's evil disposition, suspected something wrong and asked what he was doing. Young Myers replied that he was trying to smoke a rabbit from the hollow. The neighbor still unsatisfied examined for himself and discovered the almost lifeless body of Myers' sister whom he was trying thus to murder. All this was told with no appearance of being thought a case of very unusual wickedness; indeed the people of this country look upon such matters much more indifferently than would be the case in the North. The people that I meet, too, are much coarser, more uncultivated in every respect than those to be met with anywhere in a free state. Of course the wealthy and educated we see little of; they are nearly all active rebels."

In an address prepared for a local G. A. R. Post, Captain Cummings gives an interesting account of some of the stirring events of this period. In a few cases there are to be found

slight and unimportant differences from the records made at the time in his "diary." It is impossible to write a diary under such circumstances, wholly free from inaccuracies concerning details which did not come under the personal observation of the author. We quote from this address—the only one of the many which has been preserved entire:

"While preparations were being made for the campaign against Chattanooga we camped in a most delightful place on the top of Cumberland Mountains. It had been selected, shortly before the war, to be the site of a great Southern University, where the aristocratic sons of the South heretofore largely dependent on northern colleges for their education, could be educated by themselves, away from the contaminating influences of the northern 'mud sills' and their heretical ideas of a common humanity, freedom and equality. Temporary wooden buildings had been erected and the cornerstone of the great university building had been laid with great pomp, a lavish display of eloquence and in the presence of the first rank of the Southern chivalry. The war came on, the work stopped, and now the university was the camp of Yankee troops. The boys broke up the cornerstone, which was of Tennessee marble, made all sorts of trinkets from the fragments and sent them off to their friends as souvenirs. From this delightful camp we moved August 16, 1863, via Jasper, Tenn., and crossed the Tennessee River at Shell Mound, a point between Bridgeport, to which trains were running from Nashville, and Chattanooga our objective point. After a short halt we pushed on across the mountain ridges to the southeast, thereby flanking the enemy's position and compelling the evacuation of Chattanooga. Our army was spread out like a fan to the south, along a line of sixty or seventy miles, through a country very rough and broken and of difficult roads. In crossing the last ridge the wagon train was dis-

tributed along the column of troops, one company being assigned to each wagon. The road was not much more than a *bridle-path*. It took the united exertions of my company from 8 o'clock in the evening until 2 in the morning to lift the wagon assigned to us to the top of the ridge. In this manner the march was conducted, and in this position was the army when Rosecrans discovered Bragg in front of our left center, strongly reinforced by Longstreet from the army at Richmond."

Returning to the "diary."

Friday, September 11, 1863.—"This morning Brannan's division came up. They were without their train, hurried up to support Negley and Rousseau who have encountered a force of the enemy in the valley on the opposite side of the mountain. We began to move about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but it was long after dark before we reached the beginning of the ascent. It is an exceedingly slow, tedious process, lifting the wagons up the side of the mountain; about 9 o'clock we received orders to get our train up the side of the mountain by 4 o'clock in the morning to allow Brannan to move up. The wagons reached to the top of the mountain filling the road; our regimental wagons were behind and all below, but the men appreciated the pressing need of aid to Negley and set about their work with a will. I never saw so bad a road, so long and steep a hill, but the men worked like horses, the teams moved steadily up; before 12 o'clock at night all were up. I have rarely seen men work as they did, cheerfully, too, vying with each other in feats of strength, and prolonged exertion. The spirit which animated them would win a battle. People need not question the patriotism of the American soldier. The experience of last night proves their utter forgetfulness, yes, regardlessness of self when the interests of the cause near their hearts is concerned. We bivouacked soon after reaching the top of the mountain."

Saturday, September 12, 1863.—“I write sitting on a rock, on a spur of the mountain, overlooking the battlefield of yesterday. In the fight Negley lost twenty-five men. We moved from our bivouac at 5 o'clock this morning, marching two or three miles and descending the mountain, then marching a mile and a half to this position. Our sidehill is covered with woods concealing us from the enemy. Our entire corps is now here drawn up in order of battle; whether an attack is expected I know not, but up to this time the enemy has made no demonstration of that sort. In the meantime we are quietly waiting in order of battle for something to turn up.”

The next day, referring to rumors afloat in the camp as well as reports from correspondents published in the newspapers of the day, Mr. Cumings speaks wisely—and his words might well be heeded today:

“I believe nothing that I have not seen, unless supported by the strongest evidence. The people of the country are usually very much deceived by reports of newspapers. The correspondents often do not sift the reports they circulate; at such a time as this one can gather in any regiment sensational items enough to fill a column, all equally fanciful and void of truth. Often, too, correspondents are merely ‘toadies’ to some officer whose every respectable performance they magnify immensely, and whose virtues they are constantly sounding, while they carefully conceal everything to the disadvantage of their patrons. Thus from various causes the poor public are woefully deceived.”

Wednesday, September 16, 1863.—“Johnny Cisco, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, formerly our servant, visited the regiment. He reports that Lieutenant Denton J. Snider has just resigned and is on the point of starting home. This it seems to me is a foolish

act. With talents of a high order and a splendid education, he often acts in a very whimsical, impulsive manner, often unwisely."

Thursday, September 17, 1863.—" This morning at daylight there was heavy skirmishing in our front, the rebels driving back a short distance our pickets. Turchin moved up his brigade to their support and drove back the rebels. About noon we fell in and moved out to relieve Turchin. While doing so quiet a sharp skirmish took place between the Eleventh Ohio and a force of rebels who attempted to take two pieces of our artillery. The rebels sent forward a party of mounted men, dressed in our uniform, who, hailing our pickets, told them not to fire, that they were Wilder's men. Our pickets, supposing this to be the case, allowed them to pass and they with a battalion of 'rebs' 'went for' our guns 'right smart.' They had almost reached them when the Eleventh Ohio rushed up, charged with a yell and the treacherous rebels broke and fled. The left of our regiment was deployed as pickets and the right held as reserve, relieving one of Turchin's regiments. I slept little this evening on account of cold."

Saturday, September 19, 1863.—" This most eventful day opened very cool and pleasant. We resumed our march early and halted in park about 8 o'clock a. m. Cannonading was going on all along to the right of us; troops were hurrying up; surgeons were locating field hospitals and marking the roads to them with guide boards, and all other preparations for battle were being hurriedly made. Upon overtaking my regiment I reported to Major Perkins who ordered me to remain with the train until relieved. I accordingly returned to the train and the regiment moved on. Now the roads swarmed with infantry and artillery, the fields were black with cavalry. The roar of cannon is more frequent; soon the roll of musketry sets in and we know that the battle is begun, a battle whose issue

may decide the war, a battle of magnitude unequalled in the west. If we lose we have everything to lose; escape without a ruinous loss from this mountainous country is impossible. If we succeed the west—all but Virginia is again restored to the Union—a crushing, annihilating blow is added to those already given.

“ Word comes that our brigade has moved up to the scene of action. My feelings at this moment I will not attempt to describe—the thought of the interests at stake—the lives every moment being breathed out on the field, just out of sight—the anxiety for friends—the constant expectation of a cavalry dash of the enemy upon us; these and many more anxieties, thoughts and emotions, excited, thrilled, depressed me all at once. The loud roar of battle increased, extending farther and farther to the right and front of us, a mile distant. The smoke of battle rises among the trees. Now a soldier of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, wounded in the ankle, hobbles along. He reports Granger first attacked and Palmer soon after. He was wounded early and is the first one passing by us. Soon another and another wounded man comes, their wounds usually slight, a shot in the arm, a slight wound in the head or something of that sort. Soon they come in crowds and the ambulances are loaded with them; a few severely wounded officers on stretchers, Lieutenant Chubb with a buck-shot wound through his right ear and a portion of his neck, and Marshal Teachout with a ball in his leg come along; I fix them places to lie down. They report the regiment engaged, flanked and compelled to fall back. White of my company, ‘C,’ who was on guard and relieved, after the company was detailed, went into battle with Company ‘I,’ and was killed the first fire; a ball through the temple gave him a soldier’s death. Several are reported killed, many wounded; time will revise the reports. Soon we are apprised of an anticipated

cavalry dash upon us. We were on the anxious lookout until near sundown when we moved a mile or two south to the spring, where a general field hospital was located, and the train parked. I posted the pickets about my train, made needful arrangements for our security and then sat down by the light of a camp fire where I am writing this meagre, hasty sketch of this memorable day. Of the results of the battle I am not prepared to judge. It will likely be renewed in the morning Negley drove the enemy some distance in a sharp engagement just at evening, and communication was re-established with Burnside, who is near. Tomorrow will, I presume, stand linked with today in the history of the great rebellion. I shall try to sleep some tonight, just to renew an old habit, for, though I have slept very little for more than sixty hours I am not sleepy."

Sunday, September 20, 1863.—"The armies lay confronting each other; straggling musket shots between pickets only indicated their proximity. About 9 o'clock the moment arrived when the fiend of battle was again unloosed. A single cannon shot, then another, quickened to a hot artillery duel. Just then our train was ordered forward on the road to Chattanooga, running just in the rear of the battlefield; as we arrived in the rear of the fighting, occasional rolls of musketry were heard. On the left were several regiments, held in reserve, on the right were to be seen our line of battle, while in the woods beyond, the sound of the deadly strife was constantly increasing. When in rear of the center, we turned to the left (our rear) and went into park one-half mile distant. Just then the battle reached its greatest fury; from right to left of our line was one continual roar of artillery and musketry. For two or three hours the firing was incessant. The musketry blended in one continuous roll; the artillery reports followed each other so rapidly that they almost united in one

continuous explosion. For a long time it was difficult to determine whether either side gained ground. Finally the noise of the firing came nearer; shortly a battery thundered at our right, indicating a turning of our right flank, and a moment afterwards General McCook and staff with Generals Davis and Sheridan, whose divisions had just given way in front, appeared for the purpose of establishing a new line of battle. The bullets began to patter among the trees around us; our train was hurried forward and we formed a line to resist the momentarily expected attack of the rebels. At every halt we formed in rear of the wagons in line faced by the rear; so we proceeded till we reached the road on the opposite side of the valley leading to Chattanooga. Here we halted, formed line, stopped and put in our line all stragglers and unwounded men with arms. We soon had quite a line formed; and here we waited for the enemy, but no enemy appeared. Indeed he was so badly cut up that he was unable to improve the success of turning our right and forcing our center and our line was soon reformed and steadily held. Just before sundown we again moved forward and halted and bivouacked a mile or two from Chattanooga."

Monday, September 21, 1863.—"Our regiment, it is said, fought most gallantly, making on Sunday a gallant charge into and through the rebel lines for a half mile and then cutting their way back, bringing back more prisoners than their own number, among them Brigadier General Adams of the rebel army."

The regiment marched to Chattanooga in the morning, and the next day the whole army had fallen back to that place. The One Hundred and Fifth is busy in throwing up breast-works. Demonstrations upon the front, but no attack. Rumors are rife. The "diary" declares:

"I believe nothing, expect nothing, look for nothing; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We have been beaten, but not routed, not broken, not demoralized. The army is in excellent spirits, strong in their faith in Rosecrans and ready to meet the enemy at his command. The simple fact is that our men are conscious of fighting well, better than the enemy, but were simply outflanked and overwhelmed by numbers. They feel able to beat the enemy, as soon as reinforced, and able to hold this place till help arrives, hence our loss is really little. Though compelled to fall back we are not defeated; the enemy, undoubtedly has suffered more than we. He has failed to regain Chattanooga or any other lost advantage; he has simply delayed our advance; the same would have been the case from the necessity of securing supplies and strengthening our lines of communication."

Friday, September 25, 1863.—"About sundown as we were sitting carelessly about our stacked arms, the men generally eating their suppers, a group of officers talking together, a shell suddenly howled through between us and burst a few yards beyond. I think I was never more startled in my life. The rebels had run up two pieces of artillery within three hundred or four hundred yards of us in the bushes, got our range accurately and suddenly opened upon us. Some light skirmishing between pickets had been going on for some time to our right but as it was common it had excited no especial attention. The men were immediately formed and placed behind the bank which formed the best protection. Here we were shelled for twenty minutes or a half hour, all the time hugging the slope for dear life. The shells were very close but luckily did little harm. Three men slightly wounded were all from our regiment. Several shells exploded near me; a hole torn in my hat by a fragment of a shell, was my greatest damage. There was occasional firing all night but nothing noteworthy."

Wednesday, September 30, 1863.—“ This evening there returned a long ambulance train that was sent out to the battlefield yesterday under a flag of truce, the drivers and attaches being left at the rebel lines and rebel drivers substituted. While watching it pass some one called out, ‘ Harry Cumings, how are you?’ Looking up, my eye caught Sammy Snider sitting on the driver’s seat of an ambulance. I was greatly surprised and rejoiced to take his hand again. I had given him up for lost but he is not probably mortally wounded, though seriously. His left arm is shattered and the ball entered his body coming out near the spine. His courage is excellent and I think he will pull through.”

On the fifth day of October, Mr. Cumings wrote:

“ Found in the Cincinnati Commercial of September 28th the first tolerably correct account of the battle of Chickamauga. It is unfortunate for the American people that newspaper correspondents are men of such fertile imaginations and such indifference to facts farther than as a basis for their fanciful descriptions. A newspaper reporter dodges about in rear of a battle questioning the straggler, the cowardly wretch who ran at the first fire, as to the progress of the battle. He learns that his informant is the sole survivor of some regiment, that our forces are beaten, scattered; that some brigade or regiment broke and ran and thereby the day was lost; or that some officer was drunk or failed in his duty, or some other improbable story told by some wretch who is careful to get no nearer the enemy than he can help. So it goes. The ‘enterprise’ of the paper is shown by the first report of the battle and the enterprise of the reporter by the first garbled, exaggerated imperfect report, got up as indicated, that can be produced. So the public is instructed; so fame arises, so reputations with the public are made and unmade. Under the circumstances it is not strange that high minded men despise public opinion.”

And on the eighth day:

"Today is the anniversary of Perryville. One year ago was my first battle; three I have since taken part in. I can now inscribe on my colors, Perryville, Milton, Hoover's Gap and Chickamauga. The anniversary of Perryville will always be prominent in my calendar. It was my baptism into my new profession."

Captain Cumings improves every opportunity for cultivating his mind and adding to his increasing stock of knowledge. He writes, under date of October 10, 1863:

"Finished this evening 'Old Mortality,' one of the Waverly novels. I was much interested in it. I have read little relating to the old Covenanters; what little I have read has given me no very precise idea of them. I know they were zealous, stern, superstitious, but I have never before so fully understood that blending of Christianity, integrity, courage, with superstition, fanaticism, duplicity, barbarism. The Scotchman possesses a lofty character; he breathes in the spirit of nature around him; his qualities of feeling and intellect are somewhat akin to the sublimity of his own mountain scenery. Nowhere else would such a phenomenon as the Covenanter arise; but he was a natural result of his surroundings and his times. A soldier must admire his lofty courage, alas! so misdirected and so fruitless for good. Nothing short of the genius of a Cromwell could ever make an army of such materials. I doubt whether even he would have succeeded with the Scotch Covenanters alone. Courage, endurance, zeal that nothing could quench they had abundantly, but their fanaticism, while impelling them to resist the lawful authority forbade all permanent union among themselves."

Mr. Cumings has always had a high appreciation of the superior generalship of General Rosecrans. Upon the relief

of the general from command of the Army of the Cumberland, he writes:

"General Rosecrans has been relieved of the command of this army; General Grant succeeds." General U. S. Grant was placed at the head of the new Division of the Mississippi, and General George H. Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. "Various rumors are rife as to the destination of General Rosecrans. Some assert that he takes command of the Army of the Potomac, others that he is ordered to Cincinnati to report to Washington by letter. This last I cannot believe; he has always acquitted himself well; his army has perfect confidence in him."

He returns to the subject later.

Sunday, November 1, 1863.—"Yesterday closed the longest month, in seeming, of my life. I can hardly realize that only one month has passed since the first of October. Constant excitement, or rather apprehension, rapidly occurring events of importance, united with little duty or employment to occupy the attention, have served to drag out days to wearisome length, weeks to months in impression. We were relieved at an early hour this morning. My first work on getting in was to take a bath and provide and put on a new suit of clothing, sending my old to quarantine. The truth is never has a town been so swarming with lice since their great mass convention in Egypt. The question now, with the force here is, how shall we subsist? The men have lived on short allowance ever since they have been here, first half rations, now quarter rations, often these are not furnished until long after due, and the men must wait with empty stomachs. The roads to Stevenson are getting worse constantly, and will soon be almost impassible. Something must be done. The men endure cheerfully but they are made of flesh and blood and must have food. The only course seems to be to obtain the

possession of the river for the transportation of supplies. This is what is now on the tapis. It is said a road is being cut across the bend in front of and out of the range of Lookout, to town. By this means the army can be supplied unless difficulty occurs back of Stevenson. I hope we are not to be starved out of this stronghold."

"I have seen today, Monday, November 2, 1863, Northern papers printed since Rosecrans' removal became known. The Western papers are somewhat candid and reasonable, as is the *New York Post*; regretting Rosecrans' removal unless the most weighty reasons can be adduced, doing justice to his great abilities and services; yet withal willing to acquiesce, trusting the judgement of the administration till the facts that led to his removal may be known. Not so other papers. It would seem that a set of enemies, such as any man in Rosecrans' position and of Rosecrans' will, spirit and determination will have, have had their hounds in training and now on the announcement of his removal they are all unloosed. Certain papers are teeming with rumors, charges, statements, petty, ridiculous, malignant, false, unjust, ungenerous, everything in short that weak, petty unscrupulous enmity and malignity can devise. The Army of the Cumberland admire, revere and love their great leader. They parted with him sorrowfully, but true to the instincts of military subordination and prompt acquiescence in orders that he had taught them, they made no complaint, questioned not the motives that prompted the change. Such weak partisan attacks upon him, whose name alone has been a tower of strength, look badly for the cause of his opponents. The Army of the Cumberland will be satisfied with no equivocal reasons for the sacrifice of their leader."

The judgment of Captain Cumings was not unnatural at the time, but completely at fault. Later studies of the campaign have clearly shown that General Rosecrans was unequal

to the task to which he had been assigned. Almost his first act after the battle of Chickamauga—there is no official record of this council—was to call together his corps and division commanders to consider the question of abandoning Chattanooga, and taking position on Walden's Ridge on the other side of the river. But on the third day the general rode through the camp, addressing the soldiers, confident, boastful, exulting. The soldiers shouted and cheered. They did not know that in the midst of the battle he had come to the city to see that preparations were made for the escape of the army across the river. General Thomas had protested against at least one important movement. The army entered Chattanooga after the loss of seventeen thousand men. They might have entered on the fifteenth without firing a gun. Chickamauga was a mistake.

The diary of Captain A. G. Wilcox of Company "F" pronounces a juster judgment concerning General Rosecrans. It says, under date September 24th: "His personal magnetism might make him a successful leader in a charge, but he never could have checked a retreat and made the last stand at Chickamauga as Thomas did. The boys never threw up their hats for Thomas—I believe, in spite of his modest ways, he would rather like it if they did—but in a fight they are always glad to see 'Old Pap' looking after things and will stay with him to the end. Thomas is always cool and his men can't be stampeded. To a casual observer, 'Rosy' would seem to be the idol of the army, but if officers and men were to choose a commander by vote, I believe Thomas would be elected."

The greatest military critics have often been at fault in their early opinions concerning military operations. After many years spent in historic research, many problems remain unanswered. There was one day of heavy fighting during which no one, even up to the present time, can say with confi-

dence where the One Hundred and Fifth went. It is only known that, at the command given in a desperate emergency, it attacked the enemy, fought with unexampled spirit, disappeared, probably within the lines of the enemy, and emerged much later in another part of the field. No surviving member of the regiment can tell where it went. Time answers many questions, but not all.

History has justified the removal of Rosecrans. The diary has other criticisms, not a few, of the acts of officers in command, sometimes given in terms of unusual severity; their incompetency, ignorance, blunders, partiality, and prejudices. We believe in most cases, perhaps in all, these criticisms are just and not overstated. The critic is often more competent than the officer criticised, and naturally feels himself and his smaller command outraged when made to suffer from cowardice or what the soldiers often called "bullheadedness." We have known soldiers in the ranks who looked with contempt upon certain officers who made inexcusable mistakes on the drill ground. There were sometimes, and often, too, private soldiers who were in every way superior to those under whom they were placed; and we have known many officers who were far superior to many who ranked above them. In a great army this will sometimes be the case. It could not be otherwise. And soldiers have the right to express their opinions in any way which will not lead to a breach of military discipline.

VI.

CHATTANOOGA, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The signs of winter began to manifest themselves, and camp life was not like that at home.

Wednesday, November 11, 1863.—“For some time I have been trying to generate the necessary caloric by means of a fire place, which has proved the most vexatious of all its species. I heartily sympathize with those much wronged, unappreciated, unsympathized with people—scolding housewives. I am never profane, my principles are against the thing, but human weakness would have yielded I fear before long had I not today in a fit of desperation went to work, found a workman, materials and tools, and had a stove made; down came my chimney and I now luxuriate in a tent combining warmth and air, in which one can sit without weeping.”

Mr. Cumings often criticised public plans and measures, but always with good reason. He could defend his own views with cogent arguments, and, even when judged by the accumulated experience and knowledge of the present day, was seldom at fault. Witness his opinion concerning bounties to volunteers:

“I wrote a letter this evening to Uncle and Aunt Woodworth. Still the old story at home of ‘avoid the draft, buy men for volunteers.’ I confess I am unable to see the preference which men bought with \$500 bounty should have to conscripts. It seems to me that the simplest dictates of common sense teach us to fill up our armies at once and keep them full or else abandon the cause at once. If we fill up, the only effective and speedy means is by conscription. The curse of our

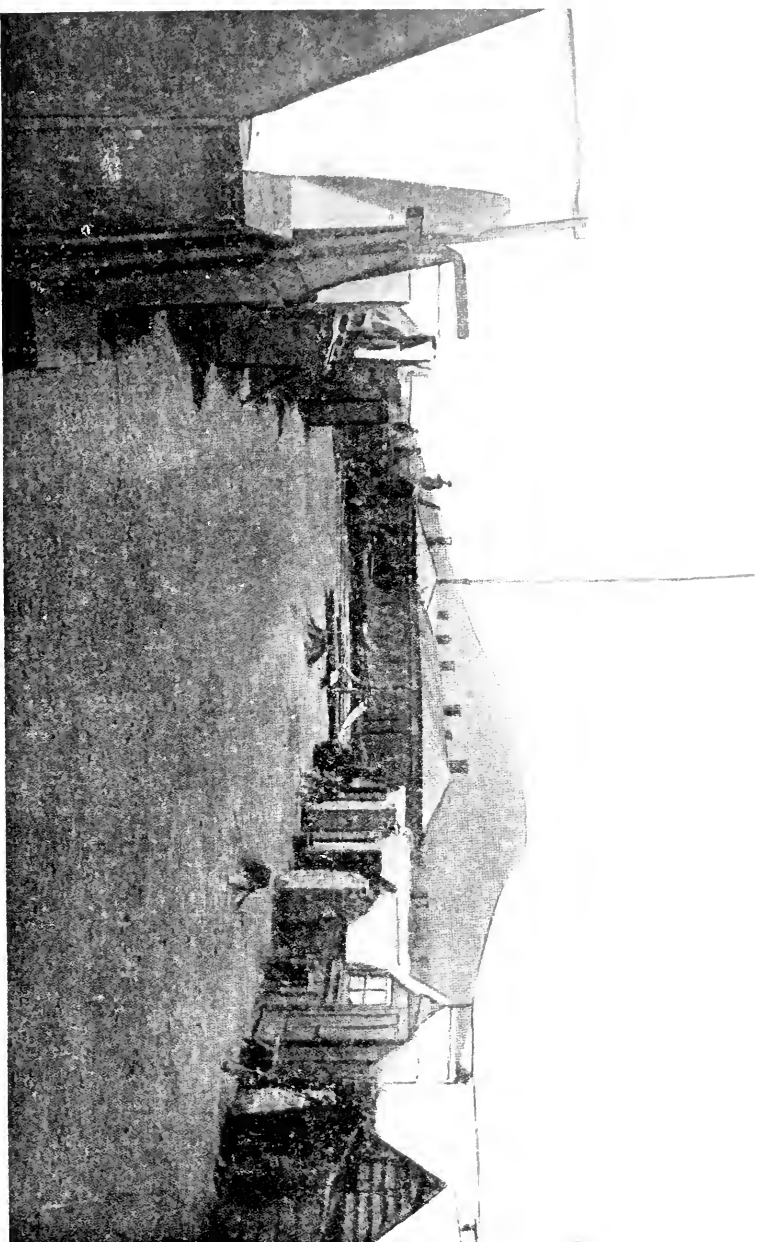
cause has been the temporizing tendencies, the disposition to meet great necessities, permanent wants, by expedients that meet only the moment. Why cannot the magnitude of this struggle be appreciated? ”

The draft, pure and simple, would insure adequacy and promptness. We believe, however, that most of the substitutes—and those paid for volunteering, as well—were patriotic and high-minded, and made soldiers, the equals of any in the army. They had family interests which demanded all their time and labor. They could not leave their families to starvation and want; they did not choose to be dependents upon uncertain, though it might be patriotic charity. The soldier's salary would not fully meet these interests. The bounty would fill out what the salary could not supply. They served their country faithfully and they lay down their lives on a hundred battlefields.

There is another class to whom it was a commercial transaction. They could earn more in this way than in any other. They placed their bounty in the bank or made a favorable investment. They were paid in advance for the risks of camp, battlefield and hospital. Having received their pay, they kept their engagement and lived up to their bargain. They made good soldiers.

Then, too, we must admit there were the “bounty-jumpers,” those who accepted the bounty expecting to desert at the first favorable opportunity, and receive another bounty under another name—disreputables, too base to be mentioned in history except to despise and abhor.

Sunday, November 15, 1863.—“ This afternoon I took a stroll over to the left of our lines; visited Fort Wood. There are mounted here two thirty-two pounder Parrott guns, besides a number of field pieces. Returning I came through the old cemetery, now in a most deplorable condition; the fences



Winter Quarters, Chattanooga, from a war time photograph

torn away, all materials, except the tomb stones themselves, appropriated by the soldiers; all the trees and shrubbery cut down; tents here and there, and roads running in every direction. One portion of the ground contained a large number of graves of Confederate soldiers. I noticed head boards to these numbered nearly as high as one thousand. I saw only two or three head boards containing the names of the soldiers; only number so and so, the hospital record for the rest. But even this was better than the graves of our own soldiers who were buried in another part of the ground; frequently no head board, merely an irregular, shapeless elevation of fresh earth told the spectator that here rested all that was mortal of some Union soldier who cheerfully had given all to a country which provided him only this burial. There were graves well marked and exhibiting somewhat the attention and care befitting the last solemn rites, but it was the work of comrades, not of those whom the government had placed here for this duty. Here was Captain Spalding's grave, well marked and in good condition, also Private Benjamin G. Lamport, of this company.

Sunday, November 22, 1863,—“The evening before a battle is a time for reflection; I suppose every person has similar feelings, the feelings that must precede conscious entry into great perils. I certainly cannot say that I covet the chance in the fight. I hope to do my duty.”

Monday, November 23, 1863,—“I write by moonlight seated Turkish fashion at a picket outpost. At 3 o'clock this morning we were aroused and were in line at 4 o'clock; at 5 o'clock the companies stacked arms on company parade ground and waited for further orders. At 2 o'clock we had inspection of companies; just before this took place, we observed a line of battle advancing from our works on the left; at about a quarter of 2 o'clock p. m., skirmishing and heavy artillery firing began and lasted for nearly an hour. At 3 o'clock we

fell in for regimental inspection but instead were sent to the front. We moved in line of battle from the left of Star fort in a south of east direction till we reached our picket line, where the brigade is now halted. I am on picket three hundred yards in advance of the regiment; we cover regimental front. Just before dark General Thomas and members of his staff passed; General Reynolds rode up to us, complimenting us highly for conduct at Chickamauga and recommended us to Lieutenant Colonel Tolles who was absent on that occasion. As he rode off he remarked "you will probably have a touch in the morning."

Tuesday, November 24, 1863.—"No especial incident occurred after writing the above last night. Quite a skirmish broke out along our line to the left but soon subsided. I slept but little, slept little the night before, and feel greatly the effect of loss of sleep and fatigue. The morning has passed quietly; now and then a cannon shot breaks the silence. What is to be done? is the universal query. At about half past eleven light dawns. A little skirmishing on the opposite side of Lookout is followed by cannonading and heavy musketry apparently part way up the mountain. Before a great while a straggling column of rebels appears fleeing around to this side of the mountain, pursued by a column of Blue Coats in line of battle. 'The mountain is nearly won' is the thought of our army in line watching with intense interest the struggle. A spontaneous, mighty cheer arises from our army while the rebels still run and Hooker's boys still follow. The strategy is now plainer; our movement has been designed to draw the rebel attention from Lookout, and has succeeded; the fighting now at 3:30 p. m. still goes on; we have driven the enemy nearly from the mountain, but they are struggling desperately. I have no fears as to the result. After writing the above the fighting continued for sometime, the firing lasted in fact until about 11 o'clock p. m., when it ceased. Lookout yielded to us."

Wednesday, November 25, 1863.—“Today has been most eventful. I awoke tired, chilled through early last night. For three nights I have had very little sleep. About 10 o'clock we moved to the left. After several counter-marches and halts we finally formed in line, crossed the railroad and halted about three-fourths of a mile from Missionary Ridge, opposite the extreme left of our works. Soon we moved forward in two lines, the One Hundred and First Indiana, the Seventy-fifth Indiana, and the Second Minnesota, in the first line and our regiment and the Thirty-fifth Ohio in the second line. The front line moved forward at double quick under the fire of several batteries to a rebel breastwork behind which they halted and lay down; we laid down in the open field one-fourth of a mile in their rear. The enemy kept up a continuous fire but, I think did no harm to us here. Soon we saw the right of our line, a mile to the right of us, climbing to the top of Missionary Ridge. In a few minutes it was ours. Next the column to the left of them was charging up the ridge, assaulting the front of the rebel position, several hundred feet high, while the troop already up charged in flank. They soon carried the position. The whole line now was storming the ridge, each brigade moving in echelon from the right and as each gained the ridge turning to the left upon the enemy's flank, and so on till our turn came. Up went our front line, the colors of the regiment in advance, we following on the double quick, which soon became a run. Several rebel batteries, now unable to reach the front line, which was under the cover of the steep slope, concentrated their fire upon us. The air about us rang with the noise of howling, shrieking, exploding shells, whistling canister soughing solid shot. We were covered with dirt thrown upon us by exploding shells; fortunately few were injured. After running nearly one-half mile we took refuge and a breathing halt under a rebel breastwork at the foot of the

ridge; a moment's rest and we were up and on with a yell that was terrific. The enemy again opened upon us, but after running a short distance we were under the protection of the steep hill slope. We climbed the hill as fast as in our great exhaustion we could, in the face of the enemy's breastworks—the enemy falling back a little—reformed slightly our broken lines and followed on in pursuit of the flying enemy. They rallied and strengthened by reinforcements from the left—the troops who had been opposing Sherman—made an obstinate stand for a short time, but finally gave way and the ridge was ours. Our forces have captured a large amount of artillery and many prisoners.”

Captain Cumings, in the lecture to which we have several times referred, gives a spirited account of the part taken by his regiment in the Battle of Missionary Ridge: “Shortly six guns in rapid succession from Orchard Knob gave the signal to advance on Missionary Ridge, strongly held by the enemy. The movement began in echelon from the right and was intended to carry the rifle pits at the foot of the ridge and there remain, the ridge being deemed too strong for assault. But hunger and raggedness and cold had done their perfect work. When the word was given our lines charged with a vim, a vigor, and enthusiasm I never saw equalled. The rifle pits were carried with a rush, the Johnnies scrambling for their main works at the top of the ridge as fast as their legs would carry them. On went our soldiers; nothing could stop them, officers even calling on them to halt. Sixty cannon were playing on them with shell and canister. The while the infantry in solid line behind their well protected works rained down their musketry fire upon them. It was heeded no more than the pattering of hail. Officers were nothing. Every man seemed a regiment in himself and orders or no orders was hell-bent for the rebel works. So on they went up the ridge. Company and

even regimental organization was lost. It did not matter. Among the men it was a struggle for the front of the line. At last the top of the ridge and the rebel breastworks were reached. Over the works went our men without a pause, and away went the enemy on the run. The day was ours. The ridge was ours, over sixty rebel cannon and many prisoners. All through the tedious days in Chattanooga rebel pickets had been fond of shouting to our pickets, 'Hello, Yank! How did you like Chickamauga?' and as their broken lines went whirling down the rear of Missionary Ridge that day, our soldiers yelled after them: 'Chickamauga! Chickamauga! this is how we like Chickamauga!' A few days of pursuit, several sharp and some very bloody skirmishes followed and we marched back to our camp at Chattanooga."

Sunday, November 29th, the command returned from the pursuit of the retreating enemy. It was a march which tried the endurance of our soldiers. It was a glorious victory which had been won. Captain Cumings said: "I am tired, sore, badly 'bunged-up,' but happy as a lark."

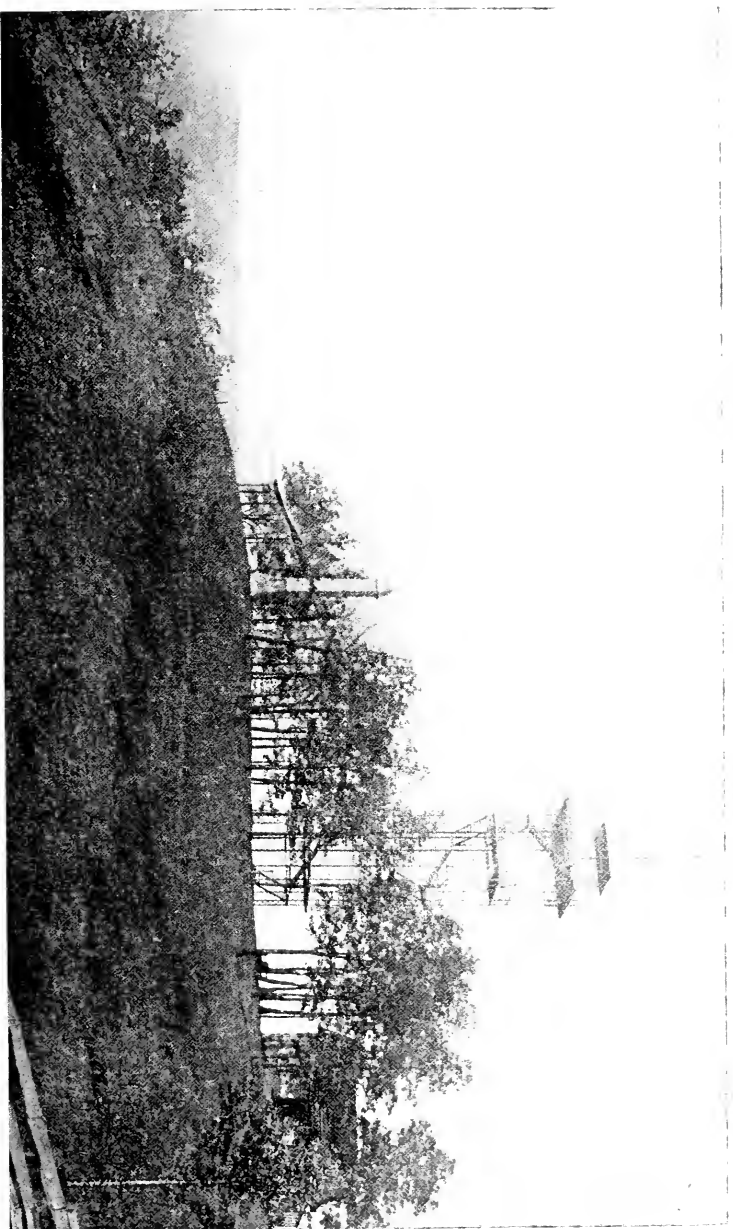
In the address to which we have already referred, he says: "A few days afterwards, to my surprise and gratification, I was ordered to proceed to Ohio on recruiting service and was recommended for promotion. Proceeding to Columbus, Ohio, in the early days of December, 1863, I received my appointment as captain and was stationed at Cleveland, Ohio, as a recruiting officer, where I remained until the middle of April, 1864. During this period a great Sanitary Fair for the benefit of the soldiers was held in Cleveland. It was conducted by the ladies, among whom were many young and handsome ones, full of patriotism and very fond of the poor soldiers. I did not enlist very many recruits, as I remember, but I labored diligently to cultivate a strong Union feeling among the pretty girls at the Sanitary building."

Captain Cumings, returning from the recruiting service for which he had been detailed, joined his regiment at Ringgold, Georgia, April 27, 1864, in time for the Chattanooga-Atlanta campaign, which had already begun March 7th.

The Battle of Resaca was fought May 14th. Two days later the "War Diary" says:

"Morning found the rebel works deserted, the enemy having retreated. The demonstration of last night was merely a feint to cover their retreat. Moved back into the woods this morning; about noon we moved out, taking the road to Resaca, about two miles distant. Reaching Resaca, we stacked arms with the expectation of resuming the march soon, but finally remained all night. I visited the scene of the rebel assault upon the works near which we lay. The rebel dead were thick; they fought well, as their dead resting almost on our breast-works demonstrated, while the town and the ragged bushes in front of our works showed the severity of our fire. I visited the town. The cars came in this afternoon, so rapidly do they follow our advance. The boys have a saying that the cars follow up our skirmish line. I saw today the first amputation I ever witnessed, the leg of a poor fellow of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania, accidentally wounded by the discharge of a gun lying in a pile of captured arms. I succeeded in losing my revolver this evening by laying it down and going off and leaving it. I was sorry to lose it, having carried it all through my service, though I am inclined to think that in the end I shall be glad to be relieved of its weight."

Tuesday, May 24, 1864.—"We were notified that we should remain here today, our brigade waiting for our supply trains to come up and to guard them forward to the front, wherever that should be. Our army moved forward this afternoon. In company with Lieutenant Castle I took a scout about the country, called at a number of houses and talked



Missionary Ridge, Center of Baird's Assault

with the people, found several good looking women and more badly frightened men. Some were reserved, some frigid, some communicative and friendly. One woman whose husband is in Lee's army, said that she and her husband had always been Union people, that they desired the success of our armies, that he was forced into the rebel army and for many months had been watching for an opportunity to escape within our lines, that as soon as he could do so he was to send for his family. She was anxious to go north; wanted to see some officer who could provide a way. She said the great mass of the people of her class, the small renters or farmers who rented their farms, and they are the best of this class of the Southern population, held the opinion of herself and her husband."

And now there was almost continuous marching, fighting, throwing up breastworks—little rest, little sleep, sometimes lack of food. We can but touch the subject here and there.

Wednesday, May 25, 1864.—" At 10 o'clock a. m. our regiment and the Thirty-fifth Ohio, under Major Perkins, marched as train guards to a large supply and ordnance train belonging to the Second Division, Fourteenth Army Corps: after marching seven or eight miles we halted and began to make preparations for camp, but soon after moved forward. About this time (5 o'clock p. m.) heavy firing was heard in front. At first it was mostly cannonading, but later volleys of musketry were heard. I think I have heard no such heavy musketry since Chickamauga. About the time of our last start it set in to rain with great violence. My poncho partially protected me but my arms and legs were drenched. Darkness fell, thick, black, intense, but still we marched on, the roads became very muddy but we marched all the faster; finally we struck another road occupied by a wagon train and went dodging along among the wagons as fast as possible. The

colonel had ridden back and the adjutant was doing the thing up according to his idea. Finally an orderly came running forward, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Adjutant!' followed closely by Colonel Perkins also running dismounted, who wished to know of the adjutant if he proposed to march the regiment to Atlanta. Here we halted in the rain for a half hour, when we filed off the road, formed line and bivouacked, to the tune of the Rogues' March whistled and sung by the entire regiment. Splendid fires were soon started from the pine knots lying about and after drying myself, drinking a quart of very strong coffee and the usual pipe of tobacco, I laid down to a comfortable sleep."

Sunday, May 29, the regiment camped in a thick woods at Burnt Hickory.

"All about our camp are shafts sunk of varying depth from ten to sixty feet, also deep trenches dug all about. The sediment, such as loose gravel, sand etc., is dug out from the bed of a small stream near at hand, and has apparently been washed over. It is said by citizens to be the work of gold hunters, who met with some success in their work here. I saw several fine mineralogical specimens. What appears to be an ore of iron with beautiful yellow crystals, probably a sulphate, is quite common in the material thrown out of these excavations. The excavations are in a micaceous rock or shale which crops out here. I suppose this is a part of the gold fields which extend east into North Carolina. The soil all through this region is very micaceous. Small crystals or pieces of mica cover the soil and glisten in the sunlight as if the surface were covered with small bits of glass. There is a great deal of iron ore in the soil here, the earth shows it plainly, the water is discolored. I saw some bog ore.

Monday, May 30, 1864.—"Remained in camp the entire day. Last evening had occasion to straighten out several

kinks that have appeared in the company. This company has had its own head very much since it was formed. The original Captain Bowers was not well calculated for command; easy, lax, leaving the ends loose, he gave the company a very poor start. The first lieutenant, Sweet, was a scoundrel and coward. He worked disaffection in the company, aggravated as much as possible the evils of the captain's administration and counteracted what was good. So until Captain See took command there was no discipline or subordination. Since that time Captain See has been absent most of the time and the company under this and that man, with no one at the head long, has gone to the devil generally. Upon assuming command I was treated to several confidential pieces of advice and bits of information from those who supposed that they peculiarly understood the 'nature of the beast.' The company went to pieces early at Chickamauga and was supposed to be worthless in a fight. The men had a way of grossly abusing every one who passed by, and it was supposed that they were generally worthless. I paid very little attention to these representations. I told the sergeants of the difficulty at Chickamauga and gave them instructions, and for the rest waited developments. As long as the novelty of a new captain lasted matters went on very well, but I discovered as the acquaintance progressed a growing insubordination and occasionally something bordering on impudence. This passed on, increasing slowly till last night Private Scoville ventured rather farther than any one else had. I ordered him a tour of duty extra. He ran away and remained away until after details, to avoid it. I arrested him and tied him up; this morning I released him. I also gave the company to understand that the slightest insubordination, unsoldierly or ungentlemanly conduct, would be promptly punished. I think I now know the faults of the company which are not great but are disagreeable, and shall soon straighten them out."

Thursday, June 9, 1864.—“ This evening the regiment was formed to listen to reading of General Order No. 17 from General Sherman relating to straggling, etc. Straggling is forbidden under the most stringent penalties; any patrol is authorized to shoot down at once any straggler who is impudent or refuses to obey them; commanders are strictly accountable. A certain portion of the officers of the regiment have devoted the day, as in fact they do most every day to gambling. This evil has grown till it has become outrageous in the regiment. The men gamble little, but the headquarters of the regiment presents a spectacle of from four to ten officers gambling constantly. I have too much pride in my regiment to willingly see the headquarters become a common gambling den.”

Marching, counter-marching, fighting, rain, mud, every day, worn and tired! Constant skirmishing keeps nerves on the stretch. The artillery firing became quite heavy on the twenty-seventh. The enemy were throwing up works on Kenesaw Mountain, and the Union army strengthened their works. Captain Cumings put up over the work of his company a large pine head-log two feet in diameter as best suited to protect his men from the enemy's skirmishes.

“ A ration of whiskey was issued today—Tuesday, June 21, 1864. In spite of my precautions, which have usually proved sufficient, several men were intoxicated, having drank the rations of those who did not wish to drink their own. The whole company was noisy and very jubilant. I find there is no way to keep the men sober on such occasions except by taking possession of the liquor and issuing it in such quantities and at such times as I see fit, and seeing that each man that takes whiskey drinks it himself. I think that the men did not intend to take too much whiskey, but living as they do a little goes a great ways in showing effects.”

Wednesday, June 22, 1864.—“The enemy opened upon us this morning from their battery on the mountain opposite, distant perhaps two thousand yards. Their first shot passed to the right of our regiment and went crashing through the woods to the rear. I was playing chess in my tent at the time and knowing that the first shot from this battery would probably be followed up vigorously I betook myself to the friendly shelter of our works. My supposition was right. The enemy followed up their shelling vigorously and they very shortly got our range. During the rest of the day, with short intervals, they rained a storm of shell upon us. They exploded on our works, in front of us and in rear, but the men kept close to the works and not a man of the regiment and very few of the brigade were hurt. The elevation of the enemy’s batteries is so great that their shell come down at a great angle and we need to lie close to be safe. The shelling I presume was a benefit rather than otherwise to us, as their sharpshooters fire very accurately into our works and would have assuredly done us considerable damage if the men had not kept close, as they would not have done without the shelling. Once in a lull I was wandering about the camp and was returning to my place behind the breastworks when a sharpshooter succeeded in putting a ball through a port hole and exceedingly near to my breast. We received orders at dark to be ready to march and as soon as it was dark we struck tents and were ready to move; we did not move until 11 o’clock. We then moved one-half mile to the right, relieving Johnson’s division which moved still farther to the right. Just as we reached our position the enemy opened their batteries upon us, but did our regiment no harm. A solid shot or unexploded shell struck the Second Minnesota regiment in our rear killing their sergeant-major, whose time of service would have been out in two days and who would have started home tomorrow, mortally wounding

a second man and wounding five others. The works we find here are very poor and so built that the fire from the mountain enfilades them. We all went to work upon them, strengthening them and building a traverse section for our company and so spent the remainder of the night."

Thursday, June 23, 1864.—"About the middle of the afternoon I went back to the rear three hundred yards to a stream and washed. I then thought I would go back to the wagon for some clean clothes. Failing to find them I started back, when the enemy opened three or four batteries upon us. I took a position behind two small pines, too small to stop a solid shot, but sufficient for fragments of shell, but the fire became so hot that I lost all confidence in my protection and resolved to change my base, which movement I executed in a most brilliant and masterly manner to a large elm tree some two hundred yards distant. The chief excellence of my movement was its celerity. I think I must have beaten the record. As soon as the fire slackened I started for my regiment but as it opened again I took cover in the works of the Eighty-seventh Indiana. When I finally reached my regiment the enemy seemed to have accomplished its object, for but few more shells were thrown. The firing on the right was heavy, both infantry and artillery. Grave apprehensions of an assault were entertained, but none took place. What progress we are making I am unable to understand. Fortifications are being built and batteries posted. It is believed among us who do not know that our right composed of the Fourth, Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps is being pushed forward. It is reported that yesterday Hooker, after advancing two miles with little opposition halted and began to throw up works, when he was hotly assaulted but finally succeeded in repulsing the enemy. The weather is very hot; each day seems several degrees warmer than the preceding; how we will stand it in July I

cannot tell if this increasing heat keeps on. We have lain still today, very little firing, none from the rebel batteries. What is up?"

Under the date, Friday, June 25, 1864, Captain Cummings, when copying his diary, inserted the following note:

"There seems to be here a duplicating of dates, which may have arisen from dropping out Sunday, June 19th, and perhaps Monday, June 20th, should have been Sunday, June 19th, and the other days and dates change according to this date when it would be all right, but as there is no explanation in the original diary, I let this stand as it appears in the original."

He writes under this date:

"I saw today the finest artillery practice that I have ever seen by some of our batteries to the left. A large number of our shots ploughed the rebel works on Kenesaw, while the batteries near us gave the rebels on the points 'fits.' One shot from a battery just at our right and front exploded a rebel caisson with a heavy report and a vast cloud of smoke. The day has been excessively warm. I think I have never before, while lying still, suffered so much from heat. This excessively hot weather will tell upon the health of the army. Dr. Turnbull tells me he has been connected with the regiment nearly one year, and he has never known so many calls of sickness at any time as for the past two or three days, and diseases of a serious character as fevers, etc. None of my men present are on the sick list."

Monday, June 27, 1864.—"Early this morning we moved forward and took a position in rear of Davis' Division to the right of the Fourth Corps. This was preparatory to a general assault of the enemy's line. We were to support Davis' Division which was to advance. Soon after reaching our position Davis' lines moved forward; a strong skirmish line followed

by two lines of infantry. At the same time the Fourth Corps advanced. Not knowing their formation I cannot give it. Hooker on our right, advanced, too, but feebly. The principal demonstration seemed to be in our immediate front. The firing soon became extremely heavy, we advanced in line of battle at the same time till we reached Davis' works where we halted, the enemy's works being about one-third of a mile in front of us. Soon the wounded began to stream back, the proportion of officers being very large. At length the firing slackened, cheers rose on the air and we waited anxiously the result. Generals Thomas, Palmer and Baird, with their staffs, paced back and forward in our rear. Colonel Perkins asked Colonel Von Schrader, corps inspector, the result. He replied, 'Oh! about so-so.' Shortly the Thirty-fourth Illinois, which was deployed as skirmishers, began to rally in our rear and we found from them that we were repulsed, that our skirmish line advanced to the enemy's works, which were very strong, that they planted their colors on the enemy's works, that the enemy was fast giving way, but, our lines failing to advance promptly, the enemy rallied, returned to their works and we were obliged to fall back. This was essentially the story along the whole assaulting line. There seems to have been a lack of preparation or a failure to execute the program which caused this disastrous repulse. Nothing was gained save our advanced position, which might have been gained at a trifling loss while our loss was heavy, between two thousand and three thousand, including many valuable officers. Among these was General Harker of Newton's Division, Fourth Army Corps, a gallant, brave and accomplished officer and a man of the highest qualities. All who knew him are almost inconsolable at his loss; they feel that great as is his loss to his friends it is far greater to the service. A friend of mine who belongs to the Sixty-fifth Ohio, his old regiment, who saw him fall,

says he rode boldly up to the front line, a few yards from the enemy's works, waved his hat and shouted, 'Forward, men,' and fell from his horse mortally wounded. This unfortunate affair spread a gloom over the army. I hope that we shall have no more such. The chances were all against us as the affair was managed. I wonder that it was undertaken. The day was intensely, terribly hot, and the men were double-quickened a half mile. This of itself would defeat them."

July 3, the enemy withdrew from Kenesaw, our forces occupy Marietta, Georgia, and the next day garrison the town. July 5, Mr. Cummings was detailed for picket duty.

Wednesday, July 6, 1864.—"Was relieved at an early hour by Lieutenant Morgaridge. Spent the day mostly in sleeping and reading. Went down towards night and spent what little money I had left in paying a barber fifty cents to shave me and cut my hair. If paymasters and supplies do not soon reach us I do not know what we shall do. I am ragged and out of money. I saw a large number of prisoners in town and learned that our troops have been quite successful at the front the past two or three days, capturing several lines of works, prisoners, etc."

Tuesday, July 12, 1864.—"Went out to the picket line this afternoon. Saw some very fair specimens of Georgia female beauty attempting to get through the lines to town, but 'no go.' This afternoon in company with Orderly Sergeant M. D. Smith, visited Kenesaw Mountain, visiting first the western point running out from Little Kenesaw upon which were located the sharpshooters who annoyed us so much at one time. With much labor they had made very excellent protection for themselves from our riflemen and artillery. I think the task of carrying their works by assault would have been a difficult one. From the point I passed on to Little Kenesaw and to Big Kenesaw, then down making the whole length of

the mountain. The works are strong but the evidence of splendid artillery practice on our part is very abundant. I think still that if we had pushed boldly forward the afternoon of June 19th we might have carried the mountain at small loss. Probably a skirmish line well supported would have done the work and saved two weeks of valuable time and considerable loss of men and ordinance, and avoided the bloody assault of the twenty-seventh of June. Still, I presume that at that time General Sherman did not suppose that the enemy would halt at Kenesaw. The view from the top of Kenesaw was magnificent in the extreme, east, west, north and south, the eye ranged over a vast expanse of country, gently rolling, covered with verdure, varied thickly with rich farms and beautiful groves; the railroad could be seen for many miles coming down from the Allatoona pass, winding around the base of Kenesaw and off to the south. Trains of cars, like a huge serpent pursued their winding course. The spires and buildings of Atlanta, distant twenty miles at least in an air line, were in full view. The smoke of our camp fires at the front in a long line could be seen; rising here and there beautiful peaks jutted up, their tops shrouded in clouds. In three directions showers could be seen, forming beautiful rainbows below us. The many grand and beautiful scenes from the top of Kenesaw will long linger in my memory. Returning I found my regiment in line, just about to make a reconnaissance, a rebel cavalry force being reported somewhere near, marched rapidly four or five miles north, found no signs of the enemy, and returned as rapidly, reaching camp about 8:30 p. m. Here I found a fine supper awaiting me, ate it with the greatest relish, and felt tired enough to sleep soundly."

VII.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

The real advance toward Atlanta began Monday, July 17th, when the army crossed the Chattahooche. The battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought July 20th.

Thursday, July 21, 1864.—“ This afternoon we advanced to the line to the left of the third brigade of our division. The skirmish line was advanced some distance and we followed up. We were exposed to a fire from the enemy's skirmish line but closely and threw up works upon reaching our final position. lost but one man, John Compton of Company ‘G.’ who was mortally wounded at my side while at work on the breastwork. We finished ours at about midnight and lay down to sleep.”

Friday, July 22, 1864.—“ This morning the enemy were found to have evacuated their line of works. At an early hour we moved forward. Skirmishing was heard constantly in the direction of Atlanta, but light. Finally, when about two and one-half miles from Atlanta on, I should judge, the Marietta road we discovered that our skirmish line was not far in front. Our division moved by an angling road to the right and finally took up a position on a slight ridge, facing south, southeast. On our right was the first brigade, on the left the third brigade of our division. The Second (Davis') Division is posted strongly on a high ridge, facing east, south and west. This is the right of our infantry line. The Fourth, Twentieth, Twenty-third and McPherson's Corps are on our left. During the afternoon the fighting has been very heavy on our left. Men on the skirmish line away from the bustle of camp say that the Chickamauga roar was almost revived.

“ The details of the engagement on the left are now reported thus: McPherson, advancing, was entering the suburbs of Atlanta, the enemy opposing no great resistance, when he was suddenly attacked by the enemy in heavy force, his men driven back, artillery captured, etc.; his men soon rallied, drove back the enemy, retook their position and most of the lost artillery, but the gallant McPherson fell while rallying his troops. The enemy's works are in full view from us, they have been built some time and are apparently quite complete. Our loss in two days' action has been officially reported at 3,400 men.”

Sunday, July 24, 1864.—“ The enemy opened this evening with very heavy guns from a battery to our left, nearly on a prolongation of the line of our regiment and about two and one-half miles distant as I estimated from the time between the flash and the report of the guns. The flash of these heavy guns is very bright. While standing with my face towards the battery I was always sensible of the firing of any of these guns, and this, too, with a dense woods between the battery and us. Soon after I fell asleep I was aroused by a fierce cannonading between one of our batteries consisting of twenty-pounder Parrots, and these heavy guns of the enemy. I do not know that anything ever impressed me more with a feeling of awful sublimity and grandeur than this scene. The heavens seemed literally aglow with the lurid light of the flashing guns and the earth trembled beneath the explosions as under the tread of a giant. But I had little time to dream of grand or awful things, for in a moment a half dozen bugles sounded the assembly. Doubtful whether our own or the enemy's bugles were sounding, but knowing something was afoot I hastily pulled on my boots; just then the musketry burst out in a heavy rattle, a terrific yelling swept along our line, leaving us here very much bewildered whether we were

assaulting or the enemy, or what was up. It has since transpired that our skirmish line was advanced at one point, all the rest was a feint."

Monday, July 25, 1864.—"Today is the second yearly anniversary of my entrance into the army; two years ago to-day I became a soldier. Looking back the time seems brief, though as I review it incident by incident, it prolongs itself to an age. How many new experiences, how many eventful scenes, how many memorable days are crowded into my two years in the army. In a little less than thirteen months my regiment's term of service will expire. I think now that three years of service will satisfy my conscience and desires to do military service."

The siege of Atlanta is in progress.

Monday, August 1, 1864.—"My leisure time I mostly occupy in reading. I have been reading recently 'The Marble Faun,' by Hawthorne. I am delighted with the work and still am not entirely satisfied. One sometimes reads books that to use Keats' phrase 'are a joy forever.' They are full, complete, rounded up, just filling the measure and leaving you charmed and satisfied. There are others which one reads with delight and yet there is a shadow of mystery, a sense of incompleteness, an incongruity, or a something that leaves you not quite satisfied, not wholly pleased. Hawthorne is for me too ethereal, too romantic, too much in the clouds, though his charming expressions, his gems of thought, here and there, cannot fail to delight."

Friday, August 5, 1864.—"This morning we again moved out in the same train as last night, our regiment detailed to support the skirmish line. After advancing a short distance, perhaps one-third of a mile to the right, we halted and lay down on the rear slope of a low hill one hundred and fifty yards in rear of the skirmish line, which had crept up to

within one hundred and fifty yards of the rebel skirmish line (an easy matter on account of the thick undergrowth), and had taken such cover as they could. When all was ready a bugle sounded the advance, our skirmishers raised a yell, the enemy let loose a volley cutting the undergrowth wonderfully, but otherwise harmless; immediately our men sprang to their feet and rushed forward. In three minutes the rebel rifle pits were ours and our division was better off by two hundred and fifty prisoners and with slight loss. In our regimental front alone sixty prisoners were taken in out of the wet. Vallee of Company 'C,' a fine soldier and a reliable man, rushed up to a pit full of rebels, seized a lieutenant and claimed him as his prisoner. He was immediately shot through the upper portion of the breast by another rebel. He lived but a short time.

"We halted near the rebel rifle pits and dug a rifle trench. We had scarcely secured tolerable protection when the enemy opened a very heavy artillery fire upon us from several batteries. The air was full of flying shell and spherical case. I think I have never before experienced so hot a shelling but we lay close and no one was hurt. After the shelling ceased we strengthened our works."

Sunday, August 7, 1864.—"Today our skirmish line was advanced. There was a demonstration along our entire line for the purpose, I understand, of making a diversion in favor of Schofield who is swinging around to the right.

"About 10 o'clock the line was advanced; at once hot firing, both infantry and artillery, opened along the line. We lay down behind our works. The skirmish line in front advanced to within thirty yards of the enemy's rifle pits and halted and shortly fell back.

"Sharp firing continued until nearly night; still we had but two men of our detail wounded. This evening there was another spurt of picket firing, which routed us all out, but

amounted to nothing. The lines are so close that the enemy's balls fly over us constantly, in cases of unusual firing making it decidedly warm, although as the ground descends to the rear from our works they cannot get down very low."

Monday, August 8, 1864.—" This morning we moved our line forward about one hundred yards to support the Nineteenth Indiana Battery, which is throwing up a work in front of the left of our regiment, and also to conform to the line of the First brigade on our right, which is also thrown forward. We built very strong works and put up an abattis of sharpened stakes in front. We were now in plain sight and within seven hundred yards of the enemy's main line. His skirmishers cannot be more than four hundred and fifty yards distant.

" The ground rises from our works to the rear, hence they are no protection to us when a little in rear of our line. I took the precaution, in pitching my tent, which is well to the rear and wholly unprotected, to build a pile of logs two feet high in front of my tent."

Tuesday, August 9, 1864.—" As I was passing Company 'C,' going to my breakfast this morning, a ball came, striking Larry Kelly of that company as he sat over the fire cooking his breakfast. It entered near his collarbone, passing down, inflicting a mortal wound. Every one in the regiment knew Larry. His dog, too, has been a fixture of the regiment. When leaving Louisville on the Perryville campaign, this dog came bounding to our (Parsons') battery. He immediately 'enlisted for the war,' attaching himself to the battery and to the gun to which Larry belonged. He made it his business to look after the interests of the battery in general and that gun in particular. He distinguished himself by his strict watchfulness over all the property of the battery when strangers were about and by his excellent judgment in determining who were proper characters to have around. At Perryville he shared in

the dangers and glory of the occasion and received a wound. When the battery was broken up and Larry was returned to the regiment, Watch accompanied him and has ever since followed this regiment, faithfully, always 'for duty,' always in the front, joining in the sports of the regiment with zest, knowing by instinct apparently when a pig was to be 'foraged,' and following on to catch the 'game' and receive his share of the prize. Last night, while scouting about our picket line he received a wound which proved mortal. Larry was almost inconsolable, but he had not long to mourn his constant companion. This morning a stray shot, such as killed his dog, hit him and gave him a mortal wound. A little later another shot passed through several tents in my company and struck John Fuller of my regiment in the head, killing him instantly."

Wednesday, August 17, 1864.—"Made out clothing receipt rolls for May and June combined. The issued of May being only seven pairs of shoes. Rumors that the railroad to our rear is cut at Dalton; no mail yesterday or today in consequence. Enemy firing with artillery, unusual activity among them; something up. We slept last night with cartridge boxes, etc., and shoes on, great vigilance in our camp but no disturbance by the 'Johnnies.' Demonstration by our artillery and skirmish line today. There is, along much of the line, a tacit agreement not to fire. After the firing had continued as long as desired, one of the One Hundred and First Indiana boys, who have no pickets in advance of their main line because of the nearness of the enemy, sprang up and shouted 'Halloo, over there; we are satisfied if you are.' 'Johnny' answered, 'We will stop firing if you will,' and so peace reigned again."

Sunday, August 21, 1864.—"This is the second anniversary of the muster-in of our regiment. Two-thirds of the journey is done, the last is begun. Hereafter our unexpired term of service is reckoned by days and months, not years.

Two years ago today I was mustered into the United States service. I was full of enthusiasm, burning for military success and honor. Anything affecting my credit or success in the military line, I was tenderly sensitive to. This spirit lasted some time. I was full of it at Perryville. I did myself credit and deserved the reward of well doing. I was detailed—still I cherished my old chivalric fancies and returned early to my regiment because it was seeing service at the front and I was not, and I was unwilling that it should appear that I was slow to take any share of the hardships and dangers at the front and was unmindful of the credit there to be won. Here I first encountered the enmity of a man whose influence was all powerful in recognizing or ignoring my services. An unfortunate difference, an arbitrary and unjust assumption stoutly resisted, made Colonel Hall my enemy. A pride that would not allow me to toady to his vanity, strengthened his dislike. The consequence was, no chance was henceforth allowed me. I served on uncomplainingly, doing my duty faithfully. In the meantime my claims to promotion were slighted, my efforts to finish up unsettled quartermaster business, unsettled through Colonel Hall's interference, were thwarted. Patience began to give way; I began to feel that here was no place for me. My pride was deeply stung by the matter of promotions and I would have promptly sent in my resignation but to have done so would have simply gratified my great enemy, and invited my own disgrace; and besides the state of my accounts made it impossible. So fall came. I would not resign during an active campaign. During the siege of Chattanooga I was unwilling to do so. At length came Mission Ridge and that brief but glorious campaign. Here was the time to do that for which I had so long waited a suitable opportunity. But now there seemed a disposition to do me justice. I was recommended for the promotion already my due. I was sent home on recruiting

service as a mark of great favor and flattered somewhat, and so more hopeful, I delayed my resignation. I rejoined my regiment and started on this campaign, now with my promotion, but the change in the spirit of the army was striking. No military ambition, no enthusiasm, no high chivalric spirit. Officers and men alike speak of the service as something to be endured. A man exhibiting unusual daring is ridiculed, any military duties not absolutely necessary are shirked. Attention to the points of military etiquette, of soldierly bearing and pride there are not, to any great degree. In short, military life and service are turned into drudgery, everything promoting pride and enthusiasm disregarded or discouraged and so far as possible the *service* of the government made the *servitude* of the government. Such is the army of today. We may talk as we choose it is not an efficient army and the world may learn it well some of these days. 'Old Rosy,' as the boys delighted to call him, could, if allowed his own way with his army, have brought them to that state of discipline that they would have followed him to the gates of hell if he bade.

"This campaign will see no such sturdy fighting as witnessed the oaks of Chickamauga Creek that September day, because it breathes no such spirit as did the army of 'Old Rosy.' Mission Ridge was a tribute to Rosecrans for it was his spirit, still fresh, that scaled those peaks and won the ridge with bayonet point. Today I am here, dissatisfied, discouraged. I wish I was somewhere, I might almost say, anywhere else. If the campaign were over I would offer my resignation. I cannot endure such base living, such selfishness, such utter absence of the true military spirit. It is useless to attempt either discipline or energy in my command with such a state of affairs. With me, in this regiment, so far as the love of it goes, soldiering 'is played out.' I shall endeavor to do my



Monument in Memory of the 105th Ohio Infantry

duty, that is barely all; then, worry out the time. I cannot blame myself for this feeling, any other would be impossible to me."

We know just how Captain Cummings felt when these words were penned. We have been in the same place. To write it out, though it might never be read by another, was a relief. Let him who never had like feelings cast the first word of regret at this personal recital. It needs no apology, no excuse. Everybody doubtless sometime in his life has had similar experience. To be neglected and ignored when we deserve recognition and appreciation; to be kept down and see our inferiors lifted above us; to be denied personal approval when we have earned and merited public reward; to meet only with disappointment and discouragement; to suffer from mere prejudice and littleness and revenge; to work hard, to hope, to expect, to strive, to do well, and profit—nothing! this is not for human nature to endure without a pang, without a word. To resent is the manly part. There are dark days in every human life. To toil on until the heart sweats, and all apparently in vain—more than enough! Rowing up stream, only to be carried down by the current; climbing the mountain with sweat and agony and bleeding feet, to find the summit ever more distant; to perform the Sisyphus labor of rolling the huge stone to the top of the hill only to repeat the labor, as it no sooner reaches the top than it comes thundering down again into the valley; no wonder that sometimes the spirit droops, the courage fails, complaint is fairly tortured from the unwilling lips. It is not a sign of weakness, but a righteous protest against unmanliness and unmannerliness and revengefulness and all that is unsoldierlike and small and unmanly and cruel. The greatest men of all the ages have sometimes given way.

But Captain Cumings did not permit this to affect his loyalty to himself, his country, and his duty. He remained a soldier *and a man*. He did not cringe; he stood upright; he looked men, the world, the stars squarely in the face and that without blinking.

Friday, August 26, 1864.—“Finished ‘Hannah Thurston’ today. I find in it much that I like, something that I dislike. So far as the woman’s rights question I fully agree with the author. Woodbury’s sturdy individuality and independence of personal habits, I almost approve. I think while one has a right to exercise his own will in the choice of friends, in his domestic arrangements and personal habits, still he must not forget that as a member of society he has duties and obligations; and while he should in no case yield to an exacting public opinion what it has no right to demand, to bow to the usurpations of bigotry and intolerance, he should be pervaded by that thorough spirit of politeness—of Christianity which will in no case allow the harmony of society to be disturbed or the prejudices of others treated rudely, when it can well be avoided. I do not quite like the bitterness of the author’s sneers at what may be termed the excrescences of inordinate and misguided religious or reformatory zeal. Not but that his blows are well and deservedly dealt, but I imagine sometimes a spirit shows itself in this, that would lead one to suspect that he hated more than the excrescences. I think that I come daily to hate, with a broader and deeper hate, shams of every description, to admire more what is manly in spirit, and delicate and high toned in feeling. Woodbury was a rare man; Hannah Thurston is I think a possible character. I think I know one somewhat similar. I have always been greatly astonished at this woman’s rights movement, not that fools could be found to adopt it but that so many apparently sensible people should tolerate theories so palpably absurd, so

distinctly opposed to every true womanly instinct. I am glad 'Hannah Thurston' is written. The good will live after it, the evil will I hope destroy itself."

Thursday, September 1, 1864.—"This morning the men were aroused at 3 o'clock and sat with arms in their hands till daylight, more 'military sagacity.' Then they 'lit out' for forage. Honey, sweet potatoes, mutton, etc., were soon abundant. About 10 o'clock the Seventy-fifth and Eighty-seventh Indiana returned and we marched, returning to the Jonesboro road, then moving south until we reached the Army of the Tennessee, whose batteries were playing lively upon the enemy in position covering Jonesboro. It seems our line had been formed along the road leading north from Jonesboro. This forenoon, or more properly today, the First and Second Divisions of our corps pushed forward swinging around their left so as to form their line east and west, facing south at right angles to Howard. We moved in on their left, our left resting on the railroad track, our brigade in reserve for the division, on account of our hard service of last night. Before we came into position, about 3 o'clock, Carlin of the First Division and Morgan of the Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, began to close up on the enemy. When our division was going into position, the firing in their front became quite heavy. The regular brigade charged and broke in confusion; they were three times repulsed. At length the First and Third Brigades of our division went into line and charged the enemy's works. Colonel Esty, with the Third Brigade carried at once and handsomely the works from which the regular brigade fled in confusion. General Baird rode at their head, waving his hat. Two horses were shot under him but he escaped. The First Brigade, too, did their work well. At length, at dark, firing ceased without our brigade opening fire. We rested for the night in the position that we took as reserve three hundred or four hundred

yards from the line of rebel works which our division carried. We suffered little loss, only being exposed to the enemy's artillery fire and straggling musketry. One artillery shot that passed through my company stunned some of the men and filled our eyes with dirt but did no other harm. The chief cook of my mess was painfully wounded by a fragment of shell. The result of the action has been fine. The enemy were driven from their works, and had daylight lasted, in a short time they would have been routed, as the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps were at dark on their flank and rear and would have cut off their retreat. As it is, Morgan's Division is reported by General Baird to have taken several pieces of artillery, eight stands of colors and five hundred prisoners. Our division, five stand of colors and five hundred prisoners. Carlin's Division is reported to have done well. The Fourth Corps is reported to have taken four pieces of artillery. I do not know what Howard's army did. General Baird estimates artillery taken in all at twenty pieces. Our loss is heavy; 1,000 in our corps, greater in killed and wounded probably than the enemy as he fought behind works. Our corps has today been the first to capture a line of works by assault during the campaign on either side; heretofore failure has been the uniform result. 'Thomas' pets,' as the rest of the army sneeringly call our corps because General Thomas usually keeps us in reserve, can be counted on if there is difficult work to be done. The corps that saved the army at Chickamauga is still worthy of its old fame."

Captain Cumings with a few others, returning from a foraging expedition, stopped at a house where there were several girls "with rather pretty faces, slouchy, dirty dresses, some of them chewing tobacco, intensely rebel and contemptuous of Yankees, 'lowdowns' and 'trash' by which I was led to suppose they meant a class of the inhabitants here.

Their venom was amusing; their assumption of aristocracy and superiority, contrasting with their language, actions, dress and personal habits still more funny. One young girl told me with what I suppose was meant to be an imitation of the 'true Southern air' that she had a seven-shooter and she would kill a Yankee before they left she would bet. I laughingly asked her to give me notice before she assumed the offensive."

Atlanta was taken the second day of September, and then there was a month of much needed rest. Of this campaign Albion W. Tourgee says:

"During these four months the 'Thousand' was in camp out of the line of fire only fifteen days. Of these, five days was the longest period passed in any one camp. They were eighty-three days directly under fire, either in battle, on the skirmish line, in pursuit of the enemy or engaged in siege operations. The other twenty-three days they were on the march. This terrible stretch of continuous duty in the scorching heat of the Southern summer is well nigh unparalleled. It was followed by a month of rest, from September 3d until October 2nd. One of the men, writing in his journal at the time, declares that no man or officer had 'a change of clothing for fifty-six days!'"

General Baird, who commanded this division of the Army of the Cumberland, says:

"The quiet and heroic patience with which all has been undergone and duty performed, whilst establishing for them the highest reputation, will tend to cause their hardships to be forgotten. Starting without transportation and with only supplies for an expedition of three or six weeks, these things have been required to last for four months, so that often our officers, lying in the dirt and rain for days without shelter, have been unable to preserve the ordinary cleanliness which is

essential to good health, and many have broken down for want of proper food. During the greater part of the time our men have lain constantly under the enemy's fire, at every moment liable to be picked off; whilst the sound, not of distant artillery and musketry, but of the closely whistling bullet and bursting shell, has seldom been out of our ears. The rest which they have now and then experienced by the simple cessation of these noises has been very great."

It is not possible to overestimate the effect of this campaign throughout the whole country. The nation was electrified and aflame with excitement. The re-election of Abraham Lincoln was assured. Tourgee quotes a passenger on one of the railways running out of New York on the evening of the day on which the news of the capture of Atlanta was received, as saying: "All night long we traveled with the sound of clanging bells, the shouts of rejoicing multitudes in our ears and the glare of bonfires lighting our way. The people seemed intoxicated with delight. The morning took up, in an intensified form, the rejoicing of the night before. The people from the country had crowded into the towns and cities and all the way to Chicago we saw a populace intoxicated with the rapture of long-delayed, but decisive victory. Yet no one uttered a word of vengefulness against the foe; every one was exulting in the thought of peace and the blessing it would bring to all."

The President of the United States issued this order: "That on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, commencing at the hour of twelve noon, there shall be fired a salute of a hundred guns at the arsenal at Washington, and at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Newport, Ky.; St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Hilton Head and New Berne, or the day after the receipt of the order, for the brilliant achievements of the army under command

of Major-General Sherman in the State of Georgia, and the capture of Atlanta. The Secretary of War will issue directions for the execution of this order."

Northern soldiers were often astonished at the white skin of some of the slaves which was an unanswerable, though silent witness to the iniquity of the "institution."

"A man just escaped from slavery came in, September 17th, sent through with a guard from the picket line. He is perfectly white, has lightish brown hair, light blue eyes, entirely Saxon features and speech; no sign of negro blood that one of us could detect. He said his mother was a dark mulatto; his father he supposed to be a white man. I have seen many very light mulattoes and quadroons but never before a case where I could detect no signs of negro blood. This man has spent forty-five years in slavery. I suspect that there is something unexplained about this man. I do not believe there is a drop of negro blood in his veins. Rode over to the race track General Kilpatrick is having built. The general is looking very well; a man of medium height, strongly built, every movement showing muscle and nerve, broad across the shoulders and deep in the chest; a prominent nose, thin, narrow upper lip; a dangerous looking mouth, light hair, light eyes, ruddy face; a man of very peculiar face, he impresses one as a man utterly reckless of danger, impulsive, dashing, passionate; a man, too, of much selfishness, I believe. I was in his room a half hour this evening."

Captain Cumings mentions the election on the eleventh day of October. Tourgee describes the process:

"At that time, Ohio voted for State officers, on the second Tuesday of October, and the soldiers of the Thousand were still citizens of the Buckeye State, and entitled by law to vote for Governor and State officers. Captain Cumings acted as clerk of the polls and Captain Stambaugh, one of the judges

of the election, held a haversack, which was used as a ballot box. In previous elections a cracker-box served that purpose, and in the Presidential election, in November following, it was again restored to duty in that capacity. The clerk used a medicine case, borrowed from the surgeon, for a desk. When the halt was over, the polls were closed and re-opened again on reaching the point selected for the camp. The election passed off very quietly. The regiment cast two hundred and eighty-four votes, all for the 'Brough ticket,' John Brough being the Union candidate for Governor, though one man scratched Brough's name off his ticket. So a traveling election for officers of the State of Ohio, was held about five miles beyond Allatoona, and along the road, twelve or fifteen miles toward Kingston, in the State of Georgia."

VIII.

“ MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.”

It has often been remarked that the tendency of army life, especially when in active service and in the enemy's territory, is toward disregard of civil rights and the sacredness of property; and leads to recklessness and evil habits, hard-heartedness and cruelty. It must be admitted that this often seems to be the case, but we must also insist upon the fact that this is seldom the result of military life except where the tendency existed, to some extent at heart, previous to enlistment. We do well also to make a distinction between soldiers by profession or soldiers of fortune and our citizen soldiers, largely volunteers and serving from high and patriotic motives who, as soon as their work was accomplished, returned to home and family and the peaceful occupations with which they had formerly been familiar. Not seldom, too, army life leads to a more firm stand in behalf of morality and virtue. Those who have been students of soldier life have recognized these quite opposite tendencies.

When the army is compelled to draw supplies from the resources of the enemy, there is a strong temptation to recklessness, unnecessary harshness, and disregard of human suffering, and sometimes disregard of human life. And with so mighty a military host, composed of all kinds of material, it could not be expected otherwise. There would inevitably be more or less of the lawless, don't care, and dare-devil. Detached duty would often lead away from the usual restraints of authority. Military discipline would be slackened. Crime and cruelty would follow—this, however, confined to the comparative few. Thus it was that Sherman's foragers acquired the name of “bums.”

It is greatly to the credit of both the head and the heart of Captain Cumings that he never could become reconciled to unnecessary destruction of property or unnecessary suffering imposed upon the enemy, or anything insulting or wanton, or pillage for its own sake. He sturdily set himself against such unsoldierlike conduct. Again and again he refers to the subject in his diary. It hurt him to his heart. The blazing forth of the full heat of his wrath on one occasion told the disgust and horror in which he held a soldier who vilely insulted and outraged a Southern woman. Another incident reveals his real character in a fresh and instructive light. He was in charge of a foraging party. They reached a place which bore the marks of want and poverty; yet they might have collected something for their fellow comrades. At his command *they passed on*. But the captain, nearly famished, "begged" a baked sweet potato of an old colored aunty. This was doubtless a sweet memory with the aged colored saint throughout her life, and we may be sure that she related as long as she lived how that once in the time of the war, with her own hand she placed a baked potato in the very hand of a Union soldier who was "some great officer, too."

Captain Cumings expresses his regret at the gambling habits of many of his fellow-officers after pay day. This was a habit greatly to be deplored. Families at home might be suffering for want of that which the money gambled away by fathers, brothers and sons, would buy.

He was an interested and interesting correspondent, and letters were passing upon every opportunity to and from family and friends. Thus he was in continual touch with home, and the home feelings and thoughts were the guardians of his heart, preserving its freshness and tenderness. But we will let the diary speak again:

Wednesday, November 16, 1864.—“ Last night a considerable portion of Atlanta was burned. The sight was very grand but I confess I rarely have witnessed sights that caused me more pain. Whatever destruction of property or life or whatever suffering the necessities of war may impose let it be so, as it must be so, but wanton destruction of life or property or needless inhumanity is unchristian, and unworthy of a brave man or the honorable profession of arms. It will surely demoralize an army and destroy the high spirit and nice sense of honor which should characterize every soldier.”

Thursday, November 17, 1864.—“ During the day a man was arrested in our uniform, circulating among the troops as a spy. He gave very conflicting accounts of himself and finally feigned insanity and general idiocy. He showed semi-indications of the latter by quite overdoing the thing and satisfying every one that there was something wrong, not with his head but with his character. Soon after dark he sprang from the ambulance in which he was carried and attempted to escape. One guard bayoneted him, another fired upon him but missed him. He ran off rapidly. Captain Wallace who was resting near ran after him. The prisoner stumbled, gathered himself and ran on, but his stumbling brought Captain Wallace upon him when he struck him a terrible blow on the head with the guard of his sabre, bending it almost double and effectually quieting the prisoner. He was brought back, was found thrust through the body with the bayonet, was brought into camp, his wound dressed. Believing himself fatally wounded he confessed himself a rebel soldier but declined to reveal his purpose among us, but of this of course there is no question.

Sunday, November 20, 1864.—“ Were slow in getting out this morning. Finally are under way and getting on well. Took dinner at Shady Dale, the plantation of a very wealthy planter by the name of Samuel Whitefield. His negro quarters

form a village larger than many southern towns of considerable pretention. As we reached the place our band struck up. The negroes, mostly women and children, the men having generally gone on with our army, flocked out, fell in behind the band and followed on; the band soon wheeled out to the roadside, still playing, when the 'wenches' to the number of twenty-five or thirty indulged in a regular 'hoe down.' The scene occasioned a great deal of merriment among the troops. Camped soon after dark about five miles from Eatontown. Colonel Gleason commanding Second Brigade distinguished himself by stopping at every house where there were women, usually halting the brigade until he had stopped and exhibited himself to his satisfaction. Was sent on picket tonight. Had a wretched night of it as it rained hard all night; the ground was soft and muddy and soon overflowed with water. Was relieved from duty on line about 3 a. m.; I should have been relieved at 2 a. m., but for the carelessness and inefficiency of the officer getting out the relief. I collected a heap of pine boughs and laid down, drawing my poncho over me. So I slept for a short time but awoke to find the water rising through the brush and wetting me. I then brought rails one-fourth of a mile and built up a more secure perch."

Tuesday, November 22, 1864.—"Last night was quite cold, this morning the ground is frozen and it must be very cold for this latitude. We marched early, about daylight. To-day our brigade has the advance of the corps. Marched about eight or ten miles towards Milledgeville and camped soon after dinner on a plantation belonging to Howell Cobb. We spent the afternoon resting and feasting at the expense of the Hon. Howell Cobb. Sorghum syrup of the finest quality that I have seen, large quantities, too, of peanuts, or as they are called here 'goober peas,' were found and the regiment was abundantly supplied with forage. Reports today of the Twentieth Corps

in Milledgeville, Kilpatrick four miles from Macon and Howard on the Macon and Savannah Railroad. Orders received relative to foraging, turning over extra animals, receiving negroes into camp, etc., from both division and corps headquarters."

Wednesday, November 23, 1864.—" Marched about 7 a. m.; halted for dinner about 12. Company 'H' distinguished itself by setting fire to the tall grass in which we halted and burning many articles of baggage. Camped about 2 o'clock in the suburbs of Milledgeville. I contented myself with resting, not visiting the city. The men brought in many pikes or lances and huge knives or cleavers found in town. The idea of using such tools for warfare in these days of Spencer and Henry rifles and Colt's revolvers is refreshingly absurd. Captain Braden who was in town happened in the Senate chamber of the Capitol as a mock senate of officers, mostly belonging to the Twentieth Corps was in session. Strange metamorphoses were visible. Officers noted for their conservative character, under the inspiration of the ideas that Oglethorpe, Jasper, DeKalb, or other counties were looking to them for the advocacy of their interests became the most voracious 'fire eaters.' The Yankees, that restless, inquisitive, swindling and vulgar tribe, received an amount of abuse not unparalleled perhaps in those halls, but astonishing in view of the number of representatives present. Various papers, bills, bonds, etc., lacking the signature of the Governor were found. Strong complaints were made against the Governor for his treatment of the business of the Legislative Assembly. Finally the matter was referred to a committee of one to look up the Governor and have these matters attended to. On motion General Kilpatrick was appointed that committee. After a season of the most boisterous fun a courier entered shouting, 'The Yankees are coming,' and the entire body precipitately took to their heels.

Thursday, November 24, 1864.—“Visited the city of Milledgeville this morning. Was in the State House. Found here a fine library which is being very badly used. I am very sorry to see such collections of books and documents disturbed. This afternoon rode over town with Captain Wilcox. Called at General Kilpatrick's headquarters. Had a pleasant visit with Captain Harry Day. Learned much of past operations on the right during this campaign and something of proposed operations for the future. Kilpatrick starts this evening on an expedition, proposing to cut the railroad between Augusta and Millen, and if possible liberate our prisoners at Millen. General Kilpatrick's chief desire I thought was to get an early start and keep Wheeler in his rear or on his flank. The State House looks very well, though small at a distance, but upon approaching, the effect is spoiled by remarking the fact that instead of stone the building is brick, plastered and marked to imitate stone and showing now large patches of bare brick from which the mortar is fallen. A regiment or two was camped in the park, and of course it could not be expected to look as well as usual, but it was ‘cluttered up’ with several shabby buildings. The executive mansion built in the same manner was a large square fine looking building surrounded by respectable grounds which in appearance compared very unfavorably with the grounds of private residences in the vicinity. On the whole I was disappointed that the people of Georgia have shown no more pride in their state buildings. Ohio is immensely ahead.”

Monday, November 28, 1864.—“Marched at daylight and soon made the five miles to Rocky Comfort Creek, one mile from Louisville. Here the bridge was burned and we were delayed till noon before we could cross, then crossing we halted two hours, just outside of Louisville. No guards were stationed in town. General Baird, who should have attended to the matter, was busy at the creek, and stragglers

from the division pillaged the town in a most disgraceful manner. The town was partially burned, one house having been fired, as I learned, because the woman owning it spat in our soldiers' faces and otherwise conducted herself unbecomingly. This fire extended to two or three other houses. The climax was finally reached by a soldier of the Eighty-seventh Indiana who, while the column was passing through the town, fired his gun at a crowd of negro women, mortally wounding one and wounding another, how badly I could not learn. The woman the worst wounded, we passed before she had been removed, as we followed the Eighty-seventh in column. Her little child of two or three years, stood over her screaming with fright and grief. It was a pitiful sight indeed. The soldier who did the shooting, I understand, offers as his excuse, that by mistake in taking arms from the stack he took another man's gun, a loaded one, his own being empty, that he snapped the piece to frighten the negroes, supposing it unloaded. I hope for the honor of humanity that it is so. At this even, it is awful. I am sick, utterly disgusted with the lawlessness I cannot but see increasing in our army. At this rate we shall soon merit the charges our enemies have so long and so falsely made. Camped one mile and a half from Louisville on the Waynesboro road."

Still on the way "from Atlanta to the sea." The first day of December is Captain Cumings' twenty-fourth birthday. He writes:

"Visited Captain Day at Kilpatrick's headquarters this evening, and took part in a piece of wild sport in which the general and his staff were engaged. A party headed by the adjutant-general were fired upon from the house occupied by the general as headquarters, by the general and part of his staff, using balls of cotton yarn for missiles; we returned the fire; the enemy made a sally, were repulsed; we charged the house with great gallantry, but were received with heavy vol-

leys of shelled corn which drove us back in confusion. Rallying and sending forward the mustering officer on his hands and feet as a skirmisher, a second assault was made. The door was closed but quickly forced open; the house was entered; then followed a hand to hand fight with the garrison headed by the general. Combatants were quickly rolling in a heap on the floor, the general behaving with his usual gallantry but, I fear, receiving more than his share of knocks. Above all his voice rose, 'Turn their right, Hays; kill Day,' etc. At length, I record it with regret, the assailants yielded, the garrison held the house, but the assailants went off with a yell of defiance, game to the last."

On December the 7th, the "War Diary" says:

"Our foragers brought in little and our men would have fared badly but for an issue that was made of one day's rations of hard bread, the first, save once a single box, to the regiment since leaving Atlanta. Three days' coffee and sugar, too, were issued."

Two days later:

"Had a nap of two hours which greatly refreshed me this morning. Constant marching night and day tells greatly. I was well nigh 'played out' this morning. Went to the river, visited a landing, the old fort, Fort Greene, I think. Here were only the remains of an old ditch and earth wall. It covers the town and landing. I also visited the old Lutheran church, one hundred years old, used by the British during the Revolutionary War as a hospital. It is built in the style of those times, and for its associations as well as in itself is an object of great interest. The town of Ebenezer is very old, was founded about one hundred and thirty years ago, founded by a colony of German Lutherans, Salzburghers, and for a time was quite a flourishing colony, but from the infertility of the soil and other causes has long since gone to decay. The old church and one

or two old houses are all that is left. It is now the best place in which to read Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' that I have ever seen. Rows of fine old cedars mark the location of the streets. Here and there shade trees, shrubs and exotics mark the location of the houses. I spent a pleasant half hour in wandering over the ground and indulging my fancy. Marched about 11 a. m. taking a road to the right which after a march of six or seven miles brought us back to the main road and to camp about dark and three or four miles nearer to Savannah. All day and a part of last night the firing of heavy guns had been incessant in the direction of Savannah, supposed to be from our fleet in the harbor. This evening the enemy is reported as holding a position on our road thirteen miles this side of Savannah. We suffered a good deal today from hunger. There is little of subsistence to be had from this country and our generals do not see fit to draw much from our supply trains. This evening, however, we got up such an ado over the matter that an issue of hard bread and bacon was made. I found myself very weak and quite ill today from want of food and rest, and on account of hard work. Ordered for picket duty but relieved at brigade headquarters, greatly to my satisfaction. I hope great things from tonight's rest. The weather is colder today though not uncomfortable."

Saturday, December 10, 1864.—"The brigade was camped on the railroad where we crossed. Colonel Gleason managed to find a swamp and thicket to put us in, although it must have been a work of great difficulty, since most of the land in the vicinity of camp was splendid for camping purposes. Firing at Savannah heavy today. At writing of this, morning of Sunday the 11th, the firing at Savannah is very heavy, both artillery and musketry, and no doubt a great battle is being fought. Was sent on picket tonight, picketed railroad towards Savannah. Rained all night, of course.

Sunday, December 11, 1864.—“ Was not relieved from picket till 1 o'clock p. m. About noon the enemy's cavalry ran into our pickets in various directions. None of them troubled us. About 1:30 p. m. our division marched. Went into camp, after marching three or four miles, on the Savannah road nine miles from Savannah. Blakesly came in with a quantity of rice and peanuts which he captured on an island in the Savannah River. He reports quantities of flour concealed in a swamp over there which, as there were but two of them on the island with one gun, he did not feel prudent to enter. Organized a squad of ten men under Sergeant Brown of Company 'F' to visit the opposite shore of the river in the morning for forage.”

Monday, December 12, 1864.—“ Brown's party took an early start. While afterwards Captain Wilcox with a detachment went off for forage. Turned over all extra animals, including those used by mounted foragers. Heavy firing as usual today at the front. Brown and Captain Wilcox both returned unsuccessful. Brown failed to get across the river on account of impossibility of getting boats. The gunboat up the river attempted to come down this morning with two transports but was driven back by one of our batteries and one of the transports captured. Said to be loaded with commissary supplies. Moved camp one-half mile south, our regiment only, to cover division headquarters. Various reports of communication with our fleet, of whose truth I know nothing.”

Tuesday, December 13, 1864.—“ Marched about 7 a. m.; moved a distance of seven miles to the front and right; went into position just south of the Central R. R. six miles from Savannah. Camped by regiments in echelon faced to rear to cover our army. Heavy firing south towards the Ogeechee along the line. Issue of full rations, coffee, sugar, bacon and hard bread.”

Wednesday, December 14, 1864.—“ Official announcement from General Sherman of the successful storming of Fort McAllister at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon by the Second Division, Fifteenth Army Corps; armament and garrison captured. This opens full communication with our fleet under Admirals Farragut and Porter and with General Foster's army. This is glorious news. The reports that our prisoners in Savannah have been forced by the enemy to take up arms for them or starve, are confirmed by many of our men who have deserted after being compelled to join the rebel ranks. This conduct of the enemy is infamous, but it will do them no good; it is astonishing that obvious considerations of policy should not prevent it. They must indeed be ruled by the insanity of despair. Had the great satisfaction of a bath and change of clothing today. Mail sent out this evening; sent a short letter home.”

Thursday, December 15, 1864.—“ Mail made up today; sent a long letter to mother. Rations in our mess quite ‘played.’ Rode over with Captain Braden to the Savannah River to get rice if possible. Spent most of the afternoon trying to reach Battery ‘C,’ First Ohio Artillery, but could not make our way through the rice swamps. I once nearly lost my horse trying to cross a sluice; failed finally to reach the battery; learned that Captain Gary has recently been captured by the enemy; got about a peck of rice.”

Friday, December 16, 1864.—“ Started at about 7 a. m. on a foraging expedition, the forage train of our corps under escort of our brigade. Made a rapid march in a round about course to the Ogeechee River at the bridge just above the Gulf R. R. bridge. We traveled far out of our course to avoid the fire of rebel batteries which cannonaded part of the direct road. While passing through the Seventeenth Army Corps saw a general officer, said to be Major-General Frank P. Blair, Jr.

I have never seen General Blair before but he looks worthy of his peculiar reputation. Encamped about a mile and a half west of the Ogeechee near General Kilpatrick's headquarters. Here at the general's headquarters I was furnished with a fine supper which, as I had little breakfast, no dinner and a small allowance of food for several days, was fully appreciated. At the crossing of the Ogeechee there were two dispatch boats, the first arrival at this landing, which will be the landing for our supplies. Transports will soon be up and this semi-starvation will cease. From papers and other sources we received our first news from the north for nearly six weeks. A large mail came up on these transports. We shall not get ours though until we return."

Saturday, December 17, 1864.—"Marched at 6 a. m., moving rapidly all day, marching in a manner that a little common sense would teach a man to avoid. The men have had little food; yesterday they finished their scanty rations; some went supperless to bed; very few had any breakfast and yet they were marched twenty-five miles today, rarely halting to rest, but marching at a forced rate till near night, when we halted at McIntosh or Station No. 3, Liberty county. I never before saw the regiment straggle so badly or heard so much swearing. However, a full supper of sweet potatoes and fresh meat and a night's sleep set me and us all right."

Savannah was evacuated December 21st and our troops took possession of the city.

A staff-officer of General Sherman sums up the results of the campaign as follows:

"The army marched over three hundred miles in twenty-four days directly through the heart of Georgia, and reached the sea with subsistence trains almost unbroken. In the entire command, five officers and fifty-eight men were killed, thirteen officers and two hundred and thirty-two men wounded, and one

officer and two hundred and fifty-eight men missing, making a total list of casualties of but nineteen commissioned officers and five hundred and forty-eight enlisted men, or five hundred and sixty-seven of all ranks. Seventy-seven officers and twelve hundred and sixty-one men of the Confederate army, or thirteen hundred and thirty-eight in all were made prisoners. Ten thousand negroes left the plantations of their former masters and accompanied the column when it reached Savannah, without taking note of thousands more who joined the army, but from various causes had to leave it at different points. Over twenty thousand bales of cotton were burned, besides the twenty-five thousand captured at Savannah. Thirteen thousand head of beef cattle, nine million five hundred thousand pounds of corn, and ten million five hundred thousand of fodder, were taken from the country, and issued to the troops and animals. The men lived mostly on sheep, hogs, turkeys, geese, chickens, sweet potatoes, and rice, gathered by the foragers from the plantations along the route of each day's march. Sixty thousand men, taking merely of the surplus which fell in their way as they marched rapidly on the main roads, subsisted for three weeks in the very country where the Union prisoners at Andersonville were starved to death or idiocy. Five thousand horses and four thousand mules were impressed for the cavalry and trains. Three hundred and twenty miles of railroad were destroyed, and the last remaining links of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and the West effectually severed, by burning every tie, twisting every rail while heated red hot over the flaming piles of ties, and laying in ruin every depot, engine house, repair shop, water tank and turn-table.

“ From the time that the army left Atlanta, until it arrived before Savannah, not one word of intelligence was received by the government or people except through the Confederate

newspapers, of its whereabouts, movements or fate, and it was not until Sherman had emerged from the region lying between Augusta and Macon, and reached Milton, that the authorities and the press of the Confederacy were able to make up their minds as to the direction of his march.

"Marched in four columns, on a front of thirty miles, each column masked in all directions by clouds of skirmishers, Sherman was enabled to continue till the last to menace so many points, each in such force that it was impossible for the enemy to decide whether Augusta, Macon, or Savannah, were his immediate objective; the Gulf or the Atlantic his destination; the Flint, the Oconee, the Ogeechee, or the Savannah his route; or what his ulterior design."

This is what Sherman himself says in his report of the army he commanded, of which our Thousand—long since no more a thousand—was a part:

"As to the rank and file, they seem so full of confidence in themselves, that I doubt if they want a compliment from me; but I must do them the justice to say that, whether called on to fight, to march, to wade streams, to make roads, clear out obstructions, build bridges, make 'corduroy,' or tear up railroads, they have done it with alacrity and a degree of cheerfulness unsurpassed. A little loose in foraging, they 'did some things they ought not to have done,' yet, on the whole, they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected, and as little loss as I calculated. Some of these foraging parties had encounters with the enemy which would in ordinary times rank as respectable battles.

"The behavior of our troops in Savannah has been so quiet, so perfect, that I take it as the best evidence of discipline and true courage. Never was a hostile city, filled with women

and children, occupied by a large army with less disorder, or more system, order and good government. The same general and generous spirit of confidence and good feeling prevades the army which it has ever afforded me especial pleasure to report on former occasions."

IX.

FROM SAVANNAH NORTHWARD AND HOME.

A few brief quotations we give without date. They are examples of average every day occurrences during this memorable march which followed :

“ No drill today on account of rain. Lieutenant King of Battery ‘ C,’ First Ohio Volunteer Artillery, sent over some horses for Captain Wilcox and myself and an invitation to come over and help eat a load of oysters. Went. Ate oysters for six hours, smoking and visiting between spells. Met a Lieutenant Nicklin, adjutant artillery brigade, Twentieth Army Corps. Returned home and to bed.

“ Had a very lonesome day of it. The rain which was so violent yesterday has ceased. Read and wrote. Went up to the reserve and spent the evening playing chess with Captain Wilcox by moon and fire light. Was beaten two games out of three. Resorted to every possible loafer’s shift and finally wore away the day till 9 p. m. at which hour I turned in. Slept cold all night.

“ Saturday evening last I notified Scoville that until further orders he would be placed on duty each alternate day and when off duty would not be allowed to leave camp, in punishment for repeatedly absenting himself from camp without permission, for keeping himself constantly drunk and unfit for duty when he could be found, and finally for his absence from his company when they were on picket for two days, eight miles from camp last week. Scoville is a hard boy, badly brought up, badly begotten in the first place. He has many good qualities

and might perhaps be made something of, but he seems to be entirely a creature of impulse, simply an animal, very little of reason or judgment about the fellow. I have been very lenient with him, passing over many offenses, punishing others lightly, hoping to finally arouse some pride and self-respect in him, with poor success, I sometimes fear. I do not know that there is any more successful way than punishing him regularly and severely for each offense, calculating thus to restrain him as far as possible, with no hope of doing the fellow any particular good.

“Worked on ordnance returns in the evening. While busy with these I was agreeably interrupted by a visit from Captain Harry Day. He came over to spend the night with me. Sent down for Captain Wilcox and we spent the night till midnight in talking and smoking, the universal accompaniment of all social meetings in the army. Finally retiring we still talked till at length we suspended for a short sleep before daylight. I enjoyed this and there are few whose company I enjoy more than his. We discussed at full length the peculiar notions entertained at Alma Mater and found ourselves very nearly agreeing that we did not believe in them at all; that they are based on a false idea of life and men; that their religion is theoretical, not practical; that he who accepts it is apt to overlook the important part of all excellence, works or fruit, and waste his time and abilities over mysticisms and imaginary excellences while the great work of human good and happiness is untouched.

“Harry Day left about 9 a. m. I went to town with him; learned that Fort Fisher is taken. Butler stock is very low. He has no nerve or something else; at all event it is generally believed that Fort Fisher should have been taken by Butler; and the abandonment of the expedition was a source of great mortification. I think our army would have run over the fort or left



Captain H. H. Cumings

a good many men in its front before we would have hauled off. It is now reported that General Ord, upon his appointment to the command of the army of the James, returned to the task, and that General Terry with two thousand picked men carried the work by assault, losing seven hundred, capturing one thousand seven hundred and eighty prisoners beside wounded, sick, etc. This seems hardly probable although the two thousand men composing the assaulting party embraced only the main charging column, not the supports. Everybody is joyful over the news and feels that at least the stain of Butler's fiasco is wiped off. Various movements of troops are reported.

“Halting at a place about two miles from Savannah, near the celebrated Jasper spring, I visited it with Captain Wilcox and drank of its waters. This was the spot where during the Revolutionary War a party of British guarding some Whig prisoners whom they were taking into Savannah for execution halted to rest. Sergeant Jasper, who afterwards fell at the siege of Savannah and who made his name immortal in the defence of Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor, learning of this party of prisoners and their guards, with another bold spirit like himself, Newton, determined to release his friends. Following up the party till they halted and stacked arms at this point, save one sentinel who guarded the prisoners, they stole up on them, shot the sentinel and rushing up obtained possession of the arms and thus compelled the surrender of the guard. As I sat on a stump near the spring and looked at the old trees that so long ago spread their branches above these gallant men I could almost imagine the scene renewed before my eyes. What a shame that the liberty and country fought for by these brave men should be so ruthlessly thrown aside by the misguided people of this country; that the dear old flag they fought to sustain, should be insulted, despised, assaulted by the very men whose every glorious memory and association,

whose prosperity, happiness and future are bound up in it. Alas, the basest of all sins is ingratitude and the man whose soul is full of it stops at no crime, is moved by no recollections. Jasper's spring should be a shrine before whose sacred associations, bowing in humility, the traitors to freedom today should beseech their Maker to pardon their sins against him and against humanity and give them of that lofty disinterestedness, that magnanimity of soul, that love of the right and of human freedom which has made the name of Sergeant Jasper immortal.

"A huge rattlesnake was caught this morning by one of Company 'E's' men. Putting his head out of a hole on their ground, two bayonets were at once thrust through his neck. He was pulled out and found to be five or six feet long, had twelve rattles. I pushed open his mouth and found a pair of immense fangs. Anything for an excitement. I presume Bar-num rarely entices a larger crowd to see his living and preserved curiosities than flocked to inspect his snakeship. I fear that his remains hardly received the treatment that his royal character and size demanded. Some one soon pulled off his rattles, someone else took his skin, and a third enterprising genius extracted a half pint of oil from his fat."

Wednesday, January 25, 1865.—"About one and one-half miles north we took a road to the right and after marching a mile or two halted and camped near a plantation and lumber yard, McLeods' Brothers, I think. Here was an abundance of sawed timber which made excellent fire wood. At the house were three or four men I was told, about the premises, a quantity of syrup, wine and many articles for household use, also a fine sabre, a case of muskets, ammunition and other supplies. The roads had been badly blockaded in the neighborhood; appearances were decidedly against the good people thereabouts, consequently the men foraged 'liberally.' Fresh meat, sweet

potatoes, syrup and other dainties were plentiful about camp. The old lady of the house near camp was a hot rebel and, as the men were filling canteens with syrup and foraging generally, she fought them right and left, wishing that she had a revolver and in default using her fists, to the great delight of the men who skirmished with her, and the lookers on. She cursed them roundly and afforded a vast deal of amusement to the soldiers without accomplishing what she might easily have done by treating the soldiers as becomes a lady. Strange that these people cannot realize their helplessness, when an enemy's army is camped about them and submit quietly without attempting an exhibition of hostility which is contemptible and foolish under the circumstances and only serves to spur on the soldiers to strip them entirely. A small mail today. Letter from father who exhorts me against the excessive use of tobacco and bad habits in general."

Thursday, January 26, 1865.—"We are very much annoyed by a sharp cutting wind and by the smoke of burning pitch pine along a portion of today's march; the woods were on fire, the thick black smoke was suffocating. Camp is almost unendurable from the same cause. As soon as fires are builded the air is thick with the black pitchy soot or lamp black. A person's face and hands soon become coated until he is almost as black as the negroes who follow the column. Soap will hardly remove it for it works through the pores of the skin. It must be very wholesome for consumptively disposed persons. I do not enjoy it at all; my lips are badly chapped, my eyes nearly smoked blind, and I am dirty all the time."

Friday, January 27, 1865.—"Received orders to be ready to move at 9 a. m. unless further orders were received. Received no further orders and were in readiness to move at the hour but did not move; spent the time tediously waiting. The wind blew strongly, the air was thick with the black pitch

smoke filling the eyes, turning the skin almost instantly to the color of coal burners, so that it would have puzzled a person to have told the original complexion of any one of us. Once in an hour or so some one of the officers would take it into his head to stir up his neighbors by pelting them with pine cones and a battle would ensue which would draw in all the officers in the regiment; no one would be allowed to sleep or take any comfort. About 12:30 the welcome order was given and with red and weeping eyes and with smutty faces we were soon on the march. In a few minutes we passed through the little county town of Springfield, the county seat of Effingham county, a little village that may have contained one hundred or two hundred inhabitants, but in which I noticed but one family now. Several of the houses have been burned, some pulled down by the soldiers for material for quarters and for fuel. The fences were mostly taken for the same purpose. Troops were camped all about. I noticed the headquarters of General Davis and Brevet Brigadier-General Buell commanding pontonieres. The family which I noticed were said to be Union in sentiment. One member, a young lady, who was pointed out to me, lost a brother early in the war who was hung by the rebels just here in front of his house because of his loyalty to the United States government. I noticed that the property of the family was well protected, guards being stationed over everything."

Tuesday, February 7, 1865.—"Marched at 6 o'clock this morning just as day began to break. It rained all last night and was raining this morning. We marched for three miles through the worst swamp I ever saw, mud varying from two to six inches deep, with holes or mires, where a man would settle until he got out. Through this terrible mud and the rain we trudged on till dry ground blessed our sight at last. We then halted an hour or two, swallowed hot coffee, smoked

our pipes and jogged along reflecting upon the beauties of campaigning in swamps during a winter's storm in this country. Passed through what had been the village of Robertsville, but which was now only a few acres of ruins. I judged from these that the village was rather flourishing until the advent of the Yankees. Took the Brighton road. Passed the ruins of what, judging from grounds, must have been two splendid residences, both burned and the grounds mutilated; reached Brighton, entirely burned save one small storehouse used by one of our quartermasters, which accounts for its still standing. It will be apt to take fire upon being deserted by the quartermaster. Camped just beyond Brighton."

Wednesday, February 8, 1865.—"I saw only one house standing on today's march, besides churches and negro quarters, and that was occupied by a poor widow and family. A spirit of relentless vengeance seems to possess the men. Never before have I seen such a spirit in this army. It is the result of a conviction that South Carolina is pre-eminently the author of the war of the rebellion, that it contains nothing but relentless enemies and that it deserves summary punishment. The tone of recent South Carolina newspapers has inflamed this feeling by defiant editorials, assertions of a determination to submit to nothing but independence or extermination. At every burning house that I passed I heard shouts from the men of 'extermination or independence.' The invaders will hear the crack of the guerillas' rifle in every swamp and from behind every covert. 'South Carolina means to fight,' and so the dreadful devastation goes on. I can appreciate the feelings of the army. If any State is to be made an example, South Carolina is that State, I think, yet I am sorry to see such work. If the effects of such vengeance could be confined to the guilty I should care less, but how much needless, useless suffering will result. I am not satisfied either with the policy of this busi-

ness. I fear that instead of subduing, it will render desperate the misguided men who are fighting us. If I were satisfied that true military policy demanded it, I would not permit myself a regret. At the plantation of a Mr. J. G. Lawton I rescued from the flames a copy of Sidney Smith's works which I shall carry along and read. I greatly like such of his essays and writings as I have read. For some days I have devoted my leisure time to Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Past and Present' and others of his works. I find myself working into the spirit and peculiar style of Carlyle and my interest in his writings increasing. While halted at Lawton's plantation, the band played several pieces and as usual the negroes, great and small, flocked out and engaged in a dance, greatly to the diversion of the crowd. One little negro of perhaps twelve years of age danced very finely, better than most of the professionals that I have seen, better because so natural and spontaneous. The organ or 'bump' of music must nearly cover the negro's cranium, if phrenology is a science."

Thursday, February 9, 1865.—"Marched early, made a long march, camping near a Captain Peebles' plantation between Irvinton and Barnwell about eighteen miles from Barnwell. The same destruction of property as usual. I understand the houses about Irvinton were burned before the column was past. If so I know of but two houses left standing so far since we entered South Carolina, and I have no evidence that they still stand. The men today found large quantities of hens along the line of march. Almost every man had three or four days' supply slung on his bayonet. The day and night are suited to Ohio at this season of the year."

Friday, February 10, 1865.—"I saw while passing along the street a handsome young lady, with blue eyes, straight light brown hair and fair complexion, standing between two negro girls an arm around each. Surprised I stopped and inquired if

she was a mulatto and a slave. She told me she was. Examining closely I could not detect a single indication of negro blood. To satisfy myself I went around to the negro quarters and saw her mother, a light mulatto woman but plainly showing negro blood. I insisted that this white girl was not her daughter but she stoutly asserted that she was. I suggested that she might have been placed in her arms to raise as her daughter for convenience but this was denied. The mother told me that her mother was a mulatto and her father a white man of the Bowman family (she is from Beaufort Island) and her daughter is the offspring of one of the Barnwells. I could hardly believe that the boasting and boasted 'chivalry' would hold in slavery such a fine looking woman as this. I was told that the girl's father had often tried to buy her but could not; a redeeming feature, at least."

Wednesday, February 15, 1865.—"The negroes regard us with wonder and perplexity, unable to conclude whether we are friends or not. Some of them suffer much at the hands of our stragglers. Their masters have told them all sort of tales about us, as for example, that we would kill all of their children and that we would use them as beasts of burden, harnessing them to our wagons and killing them upon the smallest pretext. Still the most of them manifest such delight as only an African can at sight of our troops. In Barnwell and at other places negroes have often told me of their assisting our prisoners both while escaping and while in prison. One old negro told me of their women cooking up from their scanty supplies large quantities of 'pone' for parties of our prisoners near Branchville. The negroes, in spite of all the ridiculous, hobgoblin stories that they have been told have still an abiding faith that we are their friends and that 'Massa Abe Lincoln' is somehow to do great things for them."

Thursday, February 16, 1865.—“ Was detailed for picket, sent off with my regimental detail to the right, on a road running south from camp. I was very tired and worn. After posting my sentinels laid down and rested. I felt as though I never wished to move from the spot, as though it would be the greatest happiness to lie down and rest forever.”

Friday, February 17, 1865.—“ The country we passed over was all on fire, the wind blew violently, the troops that preceded us had fired the fences in many places and the fire had spread over the entire country. Most of the fields here are ‘ deadenings,’ the trees having been girdled and left standing. The flying sparks catch in these readily, and in turn they send off showers of sparks for hundreds of yards. The scene was often very brilliant. Went to bed very much used up.”

Tuesday, February 21, 1865.—“ A good deal of ill feeling in the corps today on account of the conduct of the officers and men of the Twentieth Corps who, reaching Winnsboro just in advance of our corps arrested all our foragers whom they found and took from them their forage. Several men of the Twentieth Corps are reported to have been shot by our men, while engaged in this discreditable business.”

Thursday, February 23, 1865.—“ Was detailed for foraging today; struck out several miles to the left, beyond the cavalry; found plenty of beans and cornmeal. Found, for a variety, one family claiming to be loyal to the Union. Perhaps they were. They certainly talked so and being poor as ‘ Job’s turkey ’ I saw no inducement for them to conceal any opinion they might have or feign false ones. They were intelligent for ignorant uneducated people; reached camp after a march of twenty-five or thirty miles. We are near Rocky Mount, about due east of where we camped last night. The Twentieth Army Corps preceded us yesterday. General Slocum favors his old corps with the center and consequently the inside track,

a great advantage in long marches and especially so when one happens to be on the wheeling flank. So far we have been performing an immense right wheel. The army resting along the coast from Savannah to Pocotaligo, we at Savannah, and so we have swung around in this state compelling our corps to describe an immense circle. We are now faced nearly east I think towards Wilmington, N. C., which is nearly due east of us."

Friday, February 24, 1865.—"Very rainy, no orders to march, lying quiet in camp and keeping as dry as is possible; waiting for troops and teams to cross the Catawba River in advance of us. Forage detail sent across the river."

Saturday, February 25, 1865.—"No signs of moving to-day, still rainy. Captain Braden returns from the forage detail sent off yesterday and reports no forage to be had across the river. The colonel sent out a detail mounted upon all the horses to be found in the regiment. I was sent out in charge; went twelve or fifteen miles from camp in a northwest direction. Expected to find rebels but succeeded in loading up with forage and returning unmolested. Stopping back with three or four men, heavily loaded and with jaded animals I sent the rest of the detail in more rapidly. As it was getting late and raining violently, about three miles from camp, concluded to halt and rest our beasts and take supper. Rising from the table I went across the yard to another house a moment. While there, hearing a commotion I stepped out, found three men at the door of the house that the rest of our men were in; there were other men in the yard about me. All so far as I could make out in rebel uniform. Demanding of those about me who they were I could get no reply, concluding, in fact being satisfied that they were rebels and not knowing their force I concluded to slip back and reconnoiter. Before I had made out anything to my satisfaction or found out what could be done

the whole party with my men started off. Following in I found that the party claimed to be escaped prisoners (Union soldiers) and several negroes, that they were making their way to our lines in rebel clothing when they ran on our men and fearing they were rebel scouts acted so strangely as they did."

Tuesday, February 28, 1865.—"Had a bad night of it last night. The weather rainy as it has been for several days, the mud very deep, varying from three inches to almost any conceivable depth. The distance from camp to the river was a mile. About midnight we began our march, slowly we made our way, floundering along in the deep mud, the rain and the darkness, over ditches and gullies, in which every moment some unlucky wretch was rolling till he was pulled out by some friendly hand, staggering over each other and struggling forward, at length the mile that intervened between our starting point and the river was accomplished, the bridge was crossed, we climbed up a steep clayey hill upon whose sides the mud was as deep apparently as in the well trodden roads, in either case the depth to which a person sank depended upon his weight and the time he allowed himself to remain in one spot. Finally we reached the top, just at daybreak, six hours of darkness, of rain and mud and a mile and a half marched, drenched with rain, completely plastered with mud and extremely exhausted, I sank down upon a heap of ashes, where had been a camp fire, the only place free from standing water and inches of mud that I could discover, and here during our halt I obtained an hour's sleep. The cold rain, the mud beneath me, the shouts of two brigades packed around me in a small space, the braying of pack mules, the creaking of the artillery parked near, none of these disturbed me but the 'fall in' blown by our bugler as the brigade was preparing to move suddenly aroused me by that sort of habit or instinct I suppose which I have heard telegraph operators mention who sleeping by their in-

struments would hear no sound until they were called, however faintly, when they would instantly awaken. Moving a half mile to a tolerably dry spot we prepared coffee and a late breakfast. I was sent off in charge of Companies 'E,' 'H' and 'K,' for fatigue duty in building corduroy roads and helping forward trains. Thus I was engaged until near night when I was relieved and rejoined the regiment, which moved forward two miles to camp. I was much vexed today with Company 'H,' a company which has never been properly disciplined, whose easy-minded officers have always allowed themselves to be directed by the company till now they are nearly worthless. It was with the greatest difficulty that one-half of the company could be kept at work. Order received this evening from General Davis that all mules or pack animals in excess of one per company for the use of the officers, be turned over to the quartermaster and directing us to prepare for a forced march. As I am talking to my journal, I may here remark that this order, in my opinion, is very foolish. The men are required to carry their knapsacks and such blankets and clothing as this inclement season and such long absence from communications and opportunities for recruiting supplies require. They are obliged to subsist from the country and to carry such cooking utensils as are needed for preparing food, obtained in this shape, also to carry supplies of food in the very bulky shape it is found, not only for present use but also for days when forage is scarce. In addition to all this the men must march from five to fifteen miles farther than the column, when they are detailed as foragers, collect the forage and bring it in on their backs with all their usual load, enough to supply the wants of the company. An officer who will impose such labor as this upon men unnecessarily, when the men are worn out with long marches and have still long and forced marches to make, is unfit for his position, in my private judgment."

Thursday, March 2, 1865.—“ I visited this morning the battlefield of Sumter near Hanging Rock. Here was won by Sumter in the Revolution one of his victories. I called on a family living on the field; they pointed out to me the ground occupied by the combatants, according to tradition, but such was their ignorance that I could learn nothing more. One of the members of the family explained to me that the thing happened before they were born. Asking a middle-aged woman who were the generals that fought, she ‘ didn’t rightly remember; pears though General Jackson fit on our side.’ ”

Saturday, March 4, 1865.—“ Yesterday and today a large force of the enemy’s cavalry has been hanging on our flanks, picking up foragers; five men of our regiment did not get in last night and were thought to have been captured but they got in tonight. They were out ten miles from the column, called at houses and passed themselves off as rebel scouts, learned that a large force of the enemy was about, took to the woods and after a variety of adventures got in safely. The army is getting badly worn out, dissatisfaction and insubordination is growing to an alarming extent. General Sherman and his subordinates must take pains to lighten some of the burdens of the men or I fear the army will be greatly injured. The feeling is growing that the welfare of the men is recklessly and needlessly disregarded.”

Sunday, March 5, 1865.—“ Marched about 7 or 8 a. m. Soon after noon reached the river near the line between North and South Carolina. The pontoons are being laid. Rested here this afternoon and changed clothing. I am quite worn out; the march from the Catawba River has been very severe, the hardest experience, I sometime think, of my service, though I suffered more on the retreat from Lexington, Ky., in early September, 1862. The right wing has taken Cheraw with large amounts of cotton, two thousand stand of small arms, a

quantity of ammunition and eighteen pieces of artillery run out from Charleston, among them the gun which shot away the flagstaff in the bombardment of Sumter at the beginning of the war."

Thursday, March 9, 1865.—"Marched early in a drizzling rain; the roads usually good today; no halt for dinner. About 3 o'clock we were compelled to halt by a burning mass of rosin near a turpentine factory or still which some of our foragers had fired. A terrible fire was produced, the rosin melting and flowing down to the stream near which the factory was located. It covered the water and floated down stream, burning fiercely all the time. The bridge was torn up to prevent its burning but the sleepers were burned. A large detail worked for some time with little success in quenching this burning stream. Finally it was done, the bridge rebuilt and we pushed on. Marched until near midnight and camped seventeen miles from Fayetteville."

Friday, March 10, 1865.—"Marched at 6 a. m.; got on well until we reached the twelfth mile post from Fayetteville, where we suddenly halted and camped. Heavy firing was heard to the rear and left in Kilpatrick's neighborhood. Foragers report that while proceeding towards Fayetteville, when between the sixth and seventh mileposts they ran into a rebel camp. How strong the rebel force was does not appear as the usual experience was that of Quartermaster Sergeant Cheney of our regiment who with a few others concluded that Fayetteville was evacuated and were galloping forward to capture the town, when going up a hill a rebel volley brought them standing and sent them to the rear faster, if possible than they came. Cheney says that just at that time a woman ran out of the house and shouted, 'Go it, Yanks! Run! Run!' The news from Kilpatrick is that one brigade of his force with which he had his headquarters was surprised at daylight by Hampton.

Kilpatrick himself was obliged to betake himself to the swamp in his shirtsleeves; his command was driven from their beds to the swamp, but at length they rallied, drove off the enemy, and recaptured their camp and horses. Kilpatrick's loss in prisoners was severe, besides twenty-five rebel prisoners released."

Monday, March 20, 1865.—"Today is the second anniversary of the Battle of Milton—two years quickly past, but how full of events! Received orders soon after reveille to be ready to march as soon as possible. Marched soon after 6 o'clock, leaving train and moving rapidly until we reached the neighborhood of yesterday's fighting—the Battle of Bentonville. We found that the enemy had concentrated with the intention of here dealing our forces an overwhelming blow before they could unite with the rest of the army. Our first division, Carlin's, in advance was outflanked and compelled to fall back in confusion some distance. The Nineteenth Indiana Battery becoming mired, three pieces were taken by the enemy, and Lieutenant Webb commanding was mortally wounded. Our other division coming up, the line was reformed. The enemy then charged repeatedly but were in every instance repulsed. At no time did they succeed in driving any portion of this line. Finally night ended the conflict. Upon reaching the field we halted two or three hours, then we were sent forward to press the rebel line and ascertain if they were still in force. This we did, advancing to the line held by the first division yesterday, when it was broken, and we ascertained to our full satisfaction that the enemy was still in force in our front. At dark we returned and camped one-fourth of a mile in rear of our line on the Smithfield road."

The enemy did not wait for another battle but, as Captain Cumings expresses it, "leaked out."

Thursday, April 6, 1865.—“ News at length received from Grant that Petersburg and Richmond are taken. The announcement produces great excitement. We are waiting for details but have no doubt of the fact that on the morning of the third our troops occupied Richmond.”

Friday, April 7, 1865.—“ Further details of Grant's victory received today, twenty-five thousand prisoners are claimed, the enemy's loss is put at 15,000, total hors-de-combat of the enemy forty thousand. The results of this victory can hardly be estimated. Taking it moderately the question of Southern independence is ended. The only question remaining is how long can the rebels hold out should they be desperate enough to attempt fighting ‘ until the last ditch,’ to use their favorite expression. A few days, enabling us to learn the full details and results of Grant's operations will also enable us to form some conjecture as to the task yet remaining to us.”

Saturday, April 8, 1865.—“ News from Grant still confirmatory. Matters quiet in camp, great rejoicing over the fall of Richmond.”

Wednesday, April 12, 1865.—“ Marched about 7 a. m. At about 6 a. m. learned that Lee had surrendered, and just before pulling out we received an order from General Sherman notifying us that Lee had surrendered his entire army to Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, the 9th instant. Of course the soldiers were wild with enthusiasm. The Confederacy is going fast. I am confident that it soon will live only in history as an example of how mad, how foolish men can be, how strange, how inconsistent. Camped at Clayton between Smithfield and Raleigh. Early in the evening, camp was aroused by the whistle of a locomotive from the direction of Raleigh. It soon appeared with a single passenger car, bearing sundry dignitaries under a flag of truce from Raleigh to General Sherman whose headquarters tonight are here. I was told that one

of the party was Governor Vance. I saw them all at General Sherman's headquarters and witnessed a part of the interview. I did not hear the general's words but his manner had all the earnestness of a father reproving a scape grace of a son."

Thursday, April 13, 1865.—" Marched at 5:30 a. m. Orders received from General Sherman directing officers and men to respect the city of Raleigh, the civil authorities of state and city and the citizens, provided that no acts of hostility were experienced between this place and that. We entered the city without opposition, were reviewed as we passed in front of the Capitol by General Davis and marched out to our camp near the Insane Asylum. Order was received from General J. C. Davis containing a portion of Grant's and Lee's official correspondence, also referring to the fact that four years ago this day he, General Davis, then a lieutenant in Fort Sumter, saw the first gun fired upon the fort and from his section fired the first gun in support of the government and the flag."

Tuesday, April 18, 1865.—" The shocking report reached us today by an order from General Sherman of the assassination of President Lincoln and attempted assassination of Secretary Seward and his son, Frederick Seward. The latter is mortally wounded, the former it is thought will survive. Mr. Seward was stabbed by the assassin in his own house where he was confined by injuries received a few days since by being thrown from his horse. The President was shot through the head while sitting in his private seat in Ford's theatre in Washington, April 9th. Never have I been so shocked, horrified before. I am familiar, alas! too familiar with scenes of blood and violence, but in everything that is abhorrent and heart-sickening this last deed of these perjured traitors against the kindest and best government in existence infinitely exceeds all else. It is a fitting climax and one that will forever stamp this rebellion in the eyes of the world and through coming ages as

the most unjustifiable, unscrupulous and basely wicked as well as one of the most gigantic crimes against humanity recorded in history. I cannot express my sorrow at the death of President Lincoln. His patience, his integrity, his magnanimity, won my heart, while his great abilities had excited my highest admiration. I feel his loss as that of a father. The world will not forget him while books are read and virtue, patriotism and greatness appreciated. Washington! Lincoln! side by side they will go down in history. If one founded the republic, the other rescued it from the hands of its mortal enemies. If the one is the father of his country, the other is the preserver and regenerator. If the one consecrated his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the establishing of our nationality, the other with no less devotion gave the best energies of his life, every thought and aspiration of his soul to its preservation from its treacherous, ungrateful children, and sealed his sacrifice with his life. General Sherman well says, 'Woe to the men who would thus carry on a war in which they have been beaten in fair conflict and hopelessly broken.' If the rebels wish thus to wage war, sorrowfully we must accept it, even in this detestable, dishonorable phase and as we traverse the South we will leave desolation behind us. I would not in such an event have the word 'mercy' in our vocabulary. When these wretches are caught, let them die the death, let their country be purified by fire from the taint of their presence!"

Thursday, April 27, 1865.—"No more news and we are waiting tediously to learn 'what is up.' There is a report that Johnston has surrendered; that the armies of the Tennessee and Georgia are to turn over all ammunition, load with supplies and march to Washington via Richmond."

Friday, April 28, 1865.—"Were awakened about 2:30 this morning by heavy firing in the direction of the first division; got the men out; stood to arms till near daylight when we

started towards the firing. After proceeding about two miles learned that orders announcing substantially what was rumored yesterday were received about midnight by the First Division and read to the troops at once, when they turned into celebrating, firing off in the spree pretty much all their ammunition. We received the same order and returning marched back towards Raleigh and camped after a march of ten miles. Johnston's surrender seems to have been so far as we can learn, substantially the same as Lee's."

Monday, May 1, 1865.—"At Wilton we were surprised by quite a Union demonstration. The stars and stripes were floating from a flag staff and quite a crowd of citizens were collected. We halted fifteen minutes, the bands played several pieces and there was quite a reunion. The people of the vicinity are said to be very loyal. At this place it is claimed a Union flag floated longer than at any other place in North Carolina. The leader of the community was a venerable looking old man, a colonel in the Mexican war, a man of great wealth and respectability, who has obstinately fought treason and secession in every manner that he could. His was the flag that floated so long at the opening of the war and finally was torn down by traitors and the staff from which it floated destroyed. He vowed that he would neither shave nor cut his hair until the restoration of the government of our fathers. His appearance now, with his long flowing white hair and beard is very patriarchal. The universal expression of all here as elsewhere where I have met the people of this state, whatever may have been their previous policy, is a return to the Union. We owe Jefferson Davis a debt of gratitude that he has made the pill of secession so nauseous to its chief original patrons. The Northern papers seem to be raising a hue and cry over General Sherman's agreement with Johnston which was so summarily rejected at Washington. It does not seem to have entered their

noddles at all that at that juncture, time, providing the rebel army could be kept quiet, would work for us a surer victory than bullets and without bloodshed. It does not seem to have occurred to these sapient critics that General Sherman must have known very well that these terms would not be accepted at Washington, that the negotiations would result in nothing but a delay of Johnston and an opportunity for his men to learn the state of affairs, reflect and ponder, with but one possible conclusion viz.—the hopelessness of further fighting. These critics do not consider that the agreement was contrary to all General Sherman's previous ideas and theories."

The last record in the " War Diary " was made Saturday, May 6, 1865.

" Marched at 5 a. m. on the Amelia Court House road. Soon struck the road over which Lee and Grant moved in their operations. The road is badly cut up by the trains; dead horses and mules are abundant and their smell almost stifling. We crossed the Appomatox at Goode's bridge, pressed forward for about six miles and camped. The day has been very warm, the march long and rapid; many cases of sunstroke, several fatal. I was very much exhausted upon reaching camp."

At the end we find the following note:

TIDIOUTE, PA., April 11, 1892.

" I finished at this date copying the above with a typewriter. To complete the army history I will add that on the day following the last date above we closed up to the south side of the James River, Manchester, opposite to Richmond, Va.; that after a brief halt, perhaps a day or two, we passed over the river, through the city of Richmond and on towards Washington which was reached in due time, our regiment remaining on the Potomac side until the Grand Review, after which we are

camped on the Washington side, near the cemetery, until we completed muster-out rolls, etc., when we were sent home to Cleveland, Ohio, where the regiment was paid off and discharged.

H. H. CUMINGS."

Captain Cumings, in his lecture, says: "Uniting with Schofield and Terry's forces at Goldsboro, we moved again towards the enemy April 10, 1865, encountering them the same day at Smithfield, where we skirmished briskly and where I heard the last hostile bullet fly over my head."

The Captain, speaking of the Battle of Jonesboro, says: "There I received the only scratch I got in the war, a slight bruise on the cheek. The cheek was not hurt much. I don't know how the bullet fared."

The "War Diary" is supplemented at the close of the G. A. R. paper as follows: "I will not dwell upon the march through Virginia to Washington—the Grand Review where our regiment received the unusual compliment of a bouquet thrown at our colors by General Sherman from the reviewing stand—the journey home by rail, halting at Altoona, Pa., nearly famished, and yet the people would neither sell or give us any food because it was Sunday—arriving at Pittsburgh at 10 o'clock at night and being marched to Old City Hall and filled with an excellent supper and splendid coffee, not forgetting cigars by the ladies of Pittsburgh, God bless them forever for it!—then on to Cleveland, marching up Superior street, the band playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and she was there, dear creature, waiting for us and so were mother and father and sister and brother, and how they surrounded us and hugged us and kissed and wept over us and we over them as we struggled along the street—my heart swells and my eyes moisten now as I think of it—and so we marched to the camp we had left almost three years before. Nearly eleven hundred

strong we marched out ; less than two hundred and fifty strong we returned. A day or two of the details of paying off and mustering out and our soldiering was over.

“ This sketch, already too long has opened to me the flood gates of recollection. I see again the old familiar faces, I hear again the well known tunes. The whole panorama passes before my mind and fills it with mingled emotions of sorrow and pleasure.

“ I thank God that it was my privilege to be a soldier of the Republic.”

X.

BUSINESS LIFE.

Soon after the muster-out, Captain Cumings came to the oil regions of Pennsylvania and a year later settled in Tidioute, Warren County, where he made his home during the remainder of his life. Here he became interested in many important business enterprises. He was a member of the firm of Day & Company from 1865 to 1873, engaged in producing, refining, shipping and exporting oil. In 1873 he formed a partnership with Jahu Hunter of Tidioute and they were associated as lumbermen, oil producers, and in pipe lines, natural gas, banking and various manufacturing enterprises. They were also interested in wheat lands in North Dakota, the Missouri Lumber and Mining Company, and other lines of business in different parts of the country. He has met with reverses and suffered losses as one might expect where so many forms of industry are involved, but his general success has been quite pronounced.

Mr. Cumings was wise in his choice of associates. In his "Biographical" in the memoir of Mr. Hunter, he says much which is equally true of himself. We quote a passage: "Jahu Hunter was a man of unusual ability and strong individuality. He was not a brilliant, but a strong man intellectually. He thought slowly, but carefully and comprehensively. His mental survey took in a wide field and his conclusions, when reached, were well thought out and rarely mistaken. Convictions once formed were held to with tenacity and the clearness and positiveness of opinions thus formed, united with an unusual strength of will, gave to his character great firmness and stability. True and honest himself in all his impulses, he naturally credited others with the same qualities. He loved to think of

others as good and honest, and this trait sometimes worked to his disadvantage. His ideals of manhood were high, and he sought to live up to them. When he gave his confidence and friendship he gave them unreservedly, but his confidence once forfeited was not easily regained. He was strong in his attachments and strong in his dislikes; he could not do too much for a friend, and he was equally strong in his aversion to those whom he believed unworthy of trust and confidence. His heart was as tender as a woman's for all suffering, and his affection was deep and strong. He was strong in his loyalty, loyal to the right as he saw it, loyal to the town, loyal to his country, loyal to his friends, loyal to his family. He was broad-minded and liberal in all things and tolerant of honest differences of opinion. Simple in taste, unpretentious and modest in manner and feeling, loving his fellowmen, and seeking out rather the good that was in them, helpful to the distressed, seeking always to increase the sum of human happiness and morality and to promote the general well-being, his death leaves a void that cannot well be filled and a sorrow too deep for expression."

These friends, as would have been expected, were mutually helpful. Each was built into the character of the other, and did much to mould and strengthen and enlarge and fashion and perfect that character, each maintaining however his own personal traits and characteristics. This is the paradox of friendship and generally, though in a lesser degree, of human society.

Captain Cummings was deeply interested in his chosen place of residence, and always took a foremost part in every public enterprise. At various times he served as Councilman and Burgess. He was for thirty-four years of his life a member of the Board of School Directors, and most of the time its president. He had the cause of education close at heart and



Captain H. H. Cumings
Business Man

unremittingly gave both time and money to the work. He was deeply interested in the erection of the Hunter Memorial School Building, and to him more than to any other, save the great and generous donor, is due this model magnificent structure so well arranged and equipped.

He was president of the Tidioute Savings Bank and a director of the Warren Trust Company. His touch was felt and is still felt in all the interests of Tidioute. As president of the Board of Directors of the cemetery he labored to beautify the grounds of the "God's Acre" which now tenderly and lovingly guards his remains. He was a charter member of Colonel Cobham Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and made it possible for the Post to acquire the fine property which it now owns. He was also a member of the Loyal Legion, Commandery of Pennsylvania, a Knight Templar, and was honorably connected with several other fraternal organizations. Every call for sympathy moved his heart. Every call for charity or help opened his purse. He was never so busy that he could not listen to the story of the unfortunate and bless him with a substantial token of his Christian generosity. His benevolence was not confined to any one interest, society or church. All had a goodly part. But he sounded no trumpet before him. He sought not to have his good deeds seen of men, or applauded by the public. We recall an instance of liberality to a good cause, when he characteristically charged us, "See that thou tell no man."

Captain Cumings had an unusual capacity for work and was of tireless energy. He kept his mind well in balance and his powers well in hand, and thereby could quickly and easily turn from one subject to another. He was seldom taken off his guard, or surprised into confusion of thought, or brought to the end of his expedients, or lost in unexpected emergencies.

He was greatly interested in the work of the Grand Army of the Republic, and always felt himself at home in its meetings. His presence did much to enliven the services. His comradeship was cheerful, encouraging, instructive and inspiring. He served on the staff of the State officers, and in the Northwestern Association of the Department of Pennsylvania. He served on the committee or Board of Directors for the Scotland School for Soldiers' Orphans, and also for the Soldiers' Home at Erie. In 1895 he was unanimously chosen Department Commander of the Department of Pennsylvania. The following letter written in connection with his candidacy for this office will be read with special interest:

MAYVILLE, N. Y., November 14, 1894.

"James F. Morrison, Esq.:

" My Dear Sir:

" I am most happy to note that the G. A. R. comrades of Western Pennsylvania are urging the selection of Captain Henry H. Cumings of Tidioute, as Department Commander. A better choice could not be made. I served with Comrade Cumings in the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio and personally know that then as since he represented that best element of our American life—the great class of workers and fighters to whom duty is more than fame. As a soldier he did not accomplish any remarkable things. Not many of us did. He simply stepped out of College at Oberlin into the army: was given a lieutenant's commission and rose to a captaincy. There was little opportunity for him to distinguish himself above others, and he had no influence to make opportunity for him. Never once did he fail to do all that occasion required. As an officer he was noted, in a regiment where consideration for the enlisted man was the rule, for his kindness and care for those under his command. As a disciplinarian he was firm but reason-

able in all requirements asking only what he cheerfully gave himself. In action he was cool and calm as in the performance of every other duty. If he made an enemy, I never heard of it, and if I should, I would wager big odds that the other fellow was in fault.

“ With his always attractive personality, I have no doubt he might have secured promotion, if he had been willing to ‘ lobby ’ for it or seek it through individual favor; but then as ever since, he has seemed to regard the performance of the duties which come in his way, as of more importance than seeking for personal advancement. In short what he is as a citizen that he was as a soldier—one of the best any state can boast measured not by rank or station, but by manhood, faithfulness, and capability to do right whatever task is assigned him.

“ The comrades of Pennsylvania will honor the very highest type of the citizen-soldier and the soldier-citizen, should they choose Henry H. Cumings as their Department Commander. The position has been graced by men of higher rank, but never once by one of greater worth.

“ Sincerely yours,

ALBION W. TOURGEE.”

Mr. Cumings was always happy in his addresses to old soldiers, and had many calls on Memorial and other occasions. He was well read in our military history, and could draw lessons from his own experience. It would be interesting if we could have some of these addresses in permanent form, but they are left to us in a very fragmentary condition, as he depended very much upon the occasion for inspiration. We present passages from three memorial addresses and one from a speech at a regular Post meeting as fairly representative of his style.

“ We are now about to decorate with flowers and honor with fitting ceremonies, the graves of comrades who are buried

here, who served with us in defense of our country during its terrible trial. We meet for no empty show or useless parade, but to testify from full and over-flowing hearts that the remembrance of their sacrifices has not grown dim with the passing years.

Standing by their resting places, with bowed heads we can recall the unselfish devotion of the men who felt that liberty might live, and that the government, bequeathed as a heritage by our patriot fathers, might not perish from the earth.

We are not here to glory in the victories of the past, nor stir the hot blood by the recital of our comrades' valor. We have buried the animosities and hate engendered by the war, and we desire rather to forget all save the good in the past, whilst we renew our inflexible purpose to maintain the government saved by the devotion of our comrades. Here is the fitting place to call to mind the men, who with us stood guard over the nation; to think of the charge some comrade died in repelling; some terrible leaden shower that smote him by our side; some prison pen, where dying he still prayed for God's fair land; and to show that the love of Union and liberty was not laid aside when the battle flags were furled and the sword laid by to rust.

As, then, we scatter earth's fairest emblems, life's fitting symbol, upon these graves, the world shall know that the humblest of our slain comrades has a crown of remembrance brighter and more enduring than the diadem of kings.



Today is the festival of the dead. We unite to honor the memory of our brave and our beloved, to enrich and ennoble our lives by recalling a public heroism and a private worth that are immortal, and to encourage by our solemn service a more zealous and stalwart patriotism. Festival of the dead! Yes, strangely many eyes are clouded with tears, though many

hearts are heavy with grief, though many lives are still desolate because the father or brother, the husband or lover did not come back, though every grave which a tender reverence or love adorns with flowers is a shrine of sorrow whose influence is still potent through its first keen poignancy has been dulled, in spite of all, today is a festival, a festival of our dead, no less a festival because it is full of solemnity.

And now in this silent camping ground of our dead, with soldierly tenderness and love, we garland these passionless mounds, let us recall those who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Let us recall their toils, their sufferings, their heroism, their supreme fidelity in camp, in prison pen, on the battlefield and in the hospital, that the flag under which they fought, and from the shadow of whose folds they were promoted, may never be dishonored; that the country for whose union and supremacy they surrendered their lives may have the fervent and enthusiastic devotion of every citizen; that, as we stand before every grave as before an altar, we may pledge our manhood that, so help us God, the memory of our dead shall encourage and strengthen in us all a more loyal patriotism.



On this Memorial Day we look back over an interval of thirty years, to the epoch whose achievements this anniversary of the Grand Army is designed to celebrate.

A generation has almost passed away since it ended. The great majority of those who marched with us, fought with us, triumphed with us, have already crossed over and answered to roll-call on the other side—in the silent realm whose echoes come not to our ears.

The names of our leaders fall today on unfamiliar ears. The battles which we fought belong to history now. Only to us who remain are they still actualities. When we recount what we saw and did and suffered, what we endured, attempted

and achieved, we see in the face of those who listen, wonder, but rarely comprehension. Time has blotted out the field-marks of strife. We trace with difficulty the roads along which we toiled. A few fields are marked with monuments; but bronze and marble are poor substitutes for living men. The roar of battle still echoes in our ears and wakes us from peaceful dreams. We hear the clash of arms, the word of command, the shout of victory, the moans of the wounded, the volley with which we bade the dead farewell. But others do not hear them: we know they are but dreams—the dreams of those who facing to the rear, see the long shadows which the sunset throws upon our past.

The motives and impulses which inspired us then—they are dreams, too—the dreams of youth and early manhood which crystallize into deeds. Is today our debtor for worthy achievements or were our dreams mere vain delusions? Was self the spring or motive? Was ambition, hate or greed the animating impulse of those who died or wounded lingered on only for a time, or strengthened and matured, laid down their arms, when there was no further need for them and took part in other conflicts—the struggles on which prosperity and progress depend?

But for the valor and fortitude of those who fought, the wisdom and sagacity of those who led and the blessing of Him whose eye watches over the destinies of nations, what had been the outcome of the great struggle? What would be the condition of the world today if those we fought had triumphed; if the Southern Confederacy had won the place it sought in the family of nations or even if they had succeeded in forcing a compromise by which the Federal Union had continued a slave-republic and the blight of injuries, ignorance and oppression had continued to blast the impulses of enterprise and the achievements of free-thought? How much of the marvelous

story of the past thirty years would have been unwritten if the terms of peace had been dictated not by the simple-minded soldier, splashed with the stains of swift pursuit at Appomattox, but by his opponent?

Let us turn back the leaves that intervene, slowly and carefully, oh, comrades of a thousand battlefields! let us read the myriad marvels thereon enrolled and as day by day our comrades sink into the grave, let us ask the busy rushing present, which has come so often to sneer at our motive and ignore our achievement, which of these marvels could have been wrought had we not triumphed? Today is ever inclined to forget the debt that is due to yesterday, but few todays have owed such boundless obligation to their yesterdays, no yesterday so lavish of good will, so abounding in unselfish endeavor or so glorious in grand achievement!

Never before was strife so little stained with hate: never before so great a war in which lust of conquest and greed of gain and glory played so slight a part. Never before did millions of free men offer their lives for the liberty of an enslaved and despised race. Never before could an army so truly sing as it marched toward the field of strife:

“As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!”

Never before did so great a war end without proscription, banishment or punishment of any leader. Never did such marvelous prosperity so quickly follow after strife. Never did a conquered enemy so soon and so vauntingly exult in a lost cause. Never were the traces of war so soon effaced by the generous rivalries of peace.

The struggle is over. Those who felt its hot breath are passing swiftly away: but its lessons like its blessings are for all time. Among them is the fact that he who fights for the rights of others has no room for malice toward his foes. An-

other, which the thirty succeeding years have abundantly proved, that nothing brings prosperity so swiftly and surely, as the gift of liberty, equal right and equal opportunity to all. Founded on the declaration of Independence, the Federal Union had by strange inclination become a slave republic. Slavery sought to undermine its broad foundation. We excavated for a new one—and planted a new nation on equal rights and equal citizenship for all. We consecrated with our blood a new temple of liberty, and then gave our enemy and our strength to its upbuilding and adornment. What the Republic is and is to be, what humanity and the world have gained by the overthrow of slavery and the unrestricted assertion of equal rights, that is the measure of the debt the future owes to us—a debt not to be paid with silver and gold, an obligation which the lapse of ages cannot weaken or corrode.

As the ranks of the Grand Army lessen in number the blessing they conferred upon the Nation and humanity will grow brighter and brighter until “the new birth of liberty” is perfected “in malice toward none and charity for all.”

ADDRESS AT A POST MEETING.

The Grand Army of the Republic is nearing the end of its career and it seems to be time to turn our attention to how we shall fittingly close the books and make up the final account.

We all wish that we were not growing old but we must admit the serious truth that our years are numbered, that the end approaches. The death roll is increasing each year in larger ratios and growing infirmities are curtailing our activities. Our Post meetings show it—our gatherings call our attention to it. Many, no doubt, whose hearts are with us here tonight are not here because of their bodily infirmities. In our smaller Posts it is becoming a work of self-denial and difficulty on the part of the comrades to secure a sufficient attend-

ance at meetings to maintain the organization in a semi-prosperous condition. The cosy house, the warm fire, the comfortable easy chair are so attractive to the old fellows that it is easy to find excuses for staying there instead of facing the inclement wintry air to attend upon Post meetings.

The regular order of business in most Posts now does not afford much entertainment. The muster-in of new members has practically ceased, with its attractive ritual and ceremonies; there are few new topics to give interest and zest to our meetings and limited attendance still further weakens interest. It is really a serious question how we can maintain our organization as a living, active force in our communities and in the nation. We cannot afford to let the Grand Army organization go down. We owe too much to it—the liberal recognition from the General Government in the matter of pensions, not yet all that it should be, but very much greater than it would have been but for the united demands of our comrades enforced upon the politicians by a wholesome dread of our united power at the polls—the safe guarding of the truth in our school histories and the other published records of the facts relating to the origin and conduct of the war and the reconstruction of the states. The people of the North are a practical people—they are more concerned in looking forward than backward, in accomplishing new things than in telling the story of old. To some extent in this we differ from our Southern brethren who run more to sentiment, who glory more in feats of arms, in pride of blood, in the achievements of their ancestors than we of the North. To them their failure was a very grievous disappointment, hurtful to their pride, which it is natural that they seek to soften by claims of prowess not justified by facts and to weaken the inevitable condemnation hereafter of their causeless rebellion by perversion of the truth.

In the beginning of the war they flattered themselves that one Southerner in battle was a match for several Yankees and they cannot content themselves by accepting the cold truth of the conflict. So we have had to watch our school histories and correct in them and other publications misstatements and misrepresentations. In this the Grand Army of the Republic has done much in preserving the truths of history. It has done more than this—it has kept alive and burning brightly the fires of patriotism, it has kept as a living force the traditions of our government, the spirit of our institutions, the impulses of personal freedom, the rights, the advancement, the dignity of man as man, and this, perhaps, is the most important of all.

*"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."*

We as a nation are liable to experience the truth of this. We cannot afford to ignore the dangers of increasing wealth, the growth of luxury and waste, the tendency to the formation of classes, the enervation of youth, the closing of opportunities to the poor, the changing of industrial conditions from that of the small proprietor working by the side of his journeymen to that of the captains of industry with their thousands of employees, the combinations of employers with the counter combination of employees—all these are but the natural and inevitable developments of growth and progress and rightly directed will bring strength and welfare to our land and people. But in solving the new questions that are rising we need an enlightened citizenship of purest patriotism and the Grand Army must not die until it has done its fullest work in creating this enlightened citizenship.

So it is an important question how we can best maintain the vigor and efficiency of our organization in the face of our rapidly increasing death loss and the inertia of old age. I cannot instruct you, I may suggest the cultivation of the feeling

within our ranks of the growing value and need to the country of the educational influence of the Grand Army that our comrades may feel the importance of maintaining the strength and activity of our organization and pushing along its work of patriotism, that we make the Post meetings attractive by social features, by frequent interchange of fraternal visits where possible, by papers and discussions upon topics specially interesting to us as comrades. Each Post is a volume of most interesting history within itself. The personal experiences of its members, wisely selected from, would make a history of the greatest interest and value. In this day of societies of Colonial descendants, of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and so on we can understand how much interest and value will be attached to our written experiences by our descendants. If the Posts would take up this idea—the comrades writing out the interesting events in their experiences and reading them at Post meetings it would be an attractive feature of the meetings and put in permanent form much that will add to the wealth of history and be of priceless value to our children's children.

I will not further consume your time. I have sought to direct your thoughts to the importance to the people and the nation of preserving to the latest hour that we can the vitality of our organization and of studying and practicing the means by which this can best be done.

Mr. Cumings had a very pleasant and well-appointed home in which the family affections found the mother the center. Love is the attractive power which binds all together in the most holy of all human relations. The position of woman, the sacredness of marriage relation, and the purity of the home life, measure in all lands, not only the breadth and depth of healthful intellectual culture and the condition of civilization

and religious development, but also the stability of government and the sovereignty of law.

Says Robert Hall: "Domestic society is the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement society together; and were they entirely extinguished the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved. Families are so many centers of attraction, which preserve mankind from being scattered and dissipated by the repulsive power of selfishness."

The library contains a very large number of books of which many are standard works of literature. It is rich in historical works, especially those which the great Civil War has called into existence. Many also there are which treat of governmental affairs, and some are of scientific value while the poets and essayists have an honorable place. Mr. Cumings held to his student instincts and habits and was happy when he could retire to his library and commune with his book-friends which surrounded him or conduct his business and social correspondence under their inspiration.

In this beautiful home there was mutual appreciation between parents and children, each proud, as they well might be, in the others.

XI.

STATE SENATOR.

Captain Cummings had a deep, abiding and active interest in the political affairs of his country and made a careful study of its genius, growth and needs. He recognized the changing conditions of the times and their demands. He reached his conclusions after patient and conscientious investigation. When a person has all the facts before him and gives to each its true weight and value and reaches his conclusions, there is no reason for reviewing the questions which he has once settled except upon the discovery of new facts. Mr. Cummings had reached well-settled and firmly fixed opinions. He consistently stood by them and defended them. His early training and education, his observation and experience, his reason and his conscience made him a Republican after the strictest sect. He believed in the principles and policy of the party. His opinions did not change on the fundamentals. He was consistent with himself. He could be depended upon when principles were brought to the front. He could be depended upon absolutely. He would never betray what he considered the true interests of the public. The public to him was the people, all the people of all classes. The country to him meant especially the people of the country. Governments and constitutions and wealth are nothing aside from living men and women and children.

His friends recognized his qualifications for public office and approached him upon the subject. He yielded to their wishes and became a candidate for the Senate of Pennsylvania. His address to the people and his public discussions were modest, dignified and manly. He was elected, and again re-elected almost without opposition. He served as State Senator in the

sessions of the Legislature held in 1899, 1901, 1903 and 1905. He voted with his party on all party questions, and that not blindly but intelligently. On minor or local questions he was independent, sometimes standing almost alone. He once said in the Senate: "I cannot allow any other Senator to discharge my responsibility for me." He kept in touch with his constituents and knew their wishes; he kept in touch with legislators and knew their plans; he studied national affairs and congressional legislation and possible or probable schemes; he studied the trend of movements at home and abroad—in a word, he was well equipped and knew what he was about.

Mr. Cumings sought to understand in all its bearings every measure brought before the Senate, and the questions which he asked were for the purpose of eliciting information. His remarks were characterized by brevity and clearness of statement. He opposed hasty legislation. He judged that all legislative acts and resolution should be so prepared as to be easily understood. Mere verbiage would rather obscure the meaning. He did not hold with a certain French philosopher that language is the medium for the concealment of the truth. Time for deliberation he pleaded for more than once.

When a bill was introduced, he asked three questions: "Is this measure necessary? Is it adequate? Is its meaning clearly expressed?" He was opposed to extravagance in the use of the people's money. He studied economy, but this did not lead him to parsimony. A state with the wealth of Pennsylvania, so he thought and properly, too, cannot afford to be stingy. Proper dignity demands something.

He was especially interested in education, charities, and the full recognition of the debt we owe to the soldiers of the Civil War, and introduced and forwarded several important measures in these interests. It would be interesting, if we could know how he voted on the various matters brought be-

fore the Senate during his terms of service, but neither time required for the long and laborious investigation necessary for the determination of this question nor the limits set to these chapters will permit. We may rest assured that it would cause no friend to blush. His record was a good one.

Senator Cumings named Hon. M. S. Quay for United States Senator in 1899 and gave him his vote. In 1903 he voted for Hon. Boies Penrose. His work as State Senator may be shown in part by the bills which he introduced, the committees on which he served, and the discussions in which he took part. The "Legislative Record" gives this information, and we owe its compilation to Herman P. Miller, the Senate Librarian, who has with his usual courtesy furnished the following statement:

Bills introduced by Senator Cumings, session of 1899:

An act making an appropriation to the trustees of the State Institution for Feeble-Minded Children of Western Pennsylvania.

A supplement to an act providing for the incorporation and government of cities of the third class, approved May 23, 1889, and providing for the assessment and collection of special taxes upon properties abutting for street sprinkling and street cleaning.

An act to authorize the construction and completion of State Capitol Building.

An act to reduce the expenses of collecting State and county taxes in the County of Venango, to incorporate the Greenville and Ohio State Line Plank Road Company and to authorize the appointment of an auctioneer in the County of Lawrence, approved the third day of April, A. D. 1851, as relates to the collection of State and county taxes in the said County of Venango, together with the first three sections of

the supplement to said act, approved the eleventh day of May, A. D. 1871, and the further supplement to the said first mentioned act approved the 27th day of February, A. D. 1873.

Bills introduced by Senator Cumings, session of 1901 :

An act to commemorate the heroism, sacrifices and patriotism of the Pennsylvania troops in the Union Army of the late rebellion, who died in Andersonville prison, Georgia, while confined there as prisoners of war, by the erection of a suitable monument in the National cemetery at that place, creating a commission for such purpose and appropriating the necessary money therefor.

An act to declare the species of fish which are game fish and the species of fish which are commercially valuable for food, and to regulate the catching and encouraging the propagation of the same; to define the public waters within the State; to protect the waters within the State from improper and wasteful fishing; to provide for the appointment of fish commissioners and fish wardens, and to declare their official powers and duties; to encourage and regulate the artificial propagation of game and food fish by said State fish commissioners; to regulate the distribution of the same in the waters of the Commonwealth; to provide penalties and punishment for the violations of the provisions of this act.

An act endowing the trustees of hospitals and asylums, under the control of the Commonwealth, with corporate powers.

An act authorizing the several criminal courts of quarter sessions of this Commonwealth to grant licenses to sell intoxicating liquor at retail, wholesale or by brewers for a longer or shorter period than one year in certain cases.

An act to amend an act authorizing the county commissioners of the several counties of this Commonwealth to erect or complete and maintain a suitable monument at the county



Captain H. H. Cumings
State Senator

seat of each county in memory of the soldiers and sailors of the late war, so as to authorize said county commissioners under the same regulations to pay the debts already contracted for and about the erection and maintenance of such monument and for the work done and material furnished therefor.

An act exempting from taxation the lands, buildings and funds of free, public, non-sectarian libraries in boroughs and townships yielding revenues only partially sufficient for the maintenance of the same.

An act to provide for the erection or purchase of armories for the National Guard of Pennsylvania.

An act to provide for the care of persons of aggravated intemperate habits.

An act providing the means for the enforcement by cities of this Commonwealth of their ordinances.

An act making an appropriation to the trustees of the State Institution for Feeble-Minded of Western Pennsylvania.

An act making an appropriation to the Pennsylvania Home of the Women's Relief Corps at Brookville.

An act making an appropriation to the Oil City Hospital.

An act relative to the police regulation in the several cities of this Commonwealth and providing penalties and imprisonments for violation of city ordinances.

An act authorizing the policemen of the several boroughs of this Commonwealth to perform the duties of high constable and regulating compensation for their services.

An act providing for the service of notice to build or repair sidewalks in the several boroughs of this Commonwealth.

An act authorizing cities and boroughs to provide a supply of water for the use of the public either by the erection and operation of water works or by contracts with persons or corporations authorized to supply water within the limits of said cities and boroughs or by both methods.

An act to repeal an act entitled "An act amending the first section of an act entitled 'An act providing for the annual assignment to the sinking fund of the Commonwealth of certain sums of money realized out of the general revenue, approved the 25th day of March, A. D. 1891,' approved the 29th day of May, A. D. 1891."

An act to repeal section one of an act entitled "An act providing for the annual assignment to the sinking fund of the Commonwealth of certain sums of money realized out of the general revenue," approved the 24th day of March, A. D. 1891.

An act making recitals in deeds and other muniments of title evidence of certain facts in action involving the title to land or where the title to land is drawn in question.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to provide for the centralization of township schools and providing high schools for townships," approved April 25, 1901.

An act to provide for the regulation of channels of creeks and the removal therefrom of obstructions and to prevent the overflow of lands by water.

Bills introduced by Senator Cumings, session of 1903:

An act to amend an act, entitled "An act to provide for the organization, discipline and regulation of the National Guard of Pennsylvania," approved the 28th day of April, A. D. 1899, by providing for the organization of a regiment of cavalry, the establishment of regimental bands and of a hospital corps.

An act making an appropriation to the trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane at Warren, Pennsylvania.

An act making an appropriation to the Warren Emergency Hospital of Warren, Pennsylvania.

An act to amend sections 3 and 8 of an act, entitled "An act relating to replevin and regulating the practice in cases where the writ of replevin is issued," approved the 19th day

of April, A. D. 1901, providing for the intervening of a party defendant, the extension of time for giving bail, and the revision of the action of the prothonotary in taking bail in vacation time.

An act to provide for the completion of the records of soldiers who enlisted from Pennsylvania in the war for the suppression of the rebellion and making an appropriation for said purpose.

An act in relation to patenting lands lying within or along navigable rivers.

An act to provide for the erection, furnishing and equipment of a new school house on the Cornplanter Indian lands.

An act to provide that certain army nurses shall be eligible to receive State aid or pensions, to provide for proof of eligibility and to provide for the amount of such pension and time of payment of the same.

An act authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to offer premiums for the assistance of county agricultural fair associations in this Commonwealth, making appropriation for their payment, and prescribing the conditions upon which the associations are to be assisted.

An act authorizing the county commissioners of the several counties of Pennsylvania to accept, take and thereafter maintain as a county bridge and public bridge used for public travel, built or maintained by any borough or township or both, or any two townships within such county over rivers, creeks or rivulets when tendered to the county commissioners for any such county by the proper authorities of such borough or township free and without charge therefor.

An act to provide for the appointment of deputy game protectors for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and defining their duties.

An act to provide transportation to Americus, Georgia (Andersonville Confederate Prison), at the time of the dedication of the Pennsylvania Memorial in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga., for all the surviving Pennsylvania soldiers who have been confined in the Confederate Prison at Andersonville, at any time during the War of the Rebellion and were honorably discharged and making an appropriation therefor.

An act authorizing the courts of common pleas of this Commonwealth to decree the dissolution of certain corporations in certain cases and to order the sale of their real estate and make distribution of the proceeds thereof.

An act to amend the third section of an act, entitled "An act for the better protection of game and game mammals, game birds, song and insectivorous birds, limiting the number of game birds and game mammals to be killed by any one person in one day or in one season, prohibiting the sale of the same and the shipment thereof out of the State, and providing penalties for the violation thereof," approved the 4th day of June, 1897, which title was amended by an act approved the 6th day of May, A. D. 1899, to read as follows: "An act to provide for the protection and preservation of game quadrupeds and game birds and song and insectivorous birds, and prescribing penalties for the violation of its several provisions.

An act to repeal the ninth section of an act, entitled "An act to declare the species of fish which are game fish and the species of fish which are commercially valuable for foods and to regulate the catching and encouraging the propagation of the same; to define the public waters within the State; to protect the waters within the State from improper and wasteful fishing; to provide for the appointment of fish commissioners and fish wardens, and to declare their official powers and duties; to encourage and regulate the artificial propagation of food

fish by State fish commissioners, to regulate the distribution of the same in the waters of the Commonwealth; to provide penalties and punishments for the violation of the provisions of this act," approved the 29th day of May, 1901.

An act to permit the owners of game preserves in this Commonwealth and non-resident hunters who have complied with the laws of this Commonwealth relative to securing licenses before hunting therein, to carry certain game out of this Commonwealth.

An act to amend the 21st section of an act, entitled "An act to provide for the more effectual protection of the public health in the several municipalities of this Commonwealth," approved the 18th day of June, A. D. 1895, limiting the time in which actions may be brought for the recovery of fines or penalties under said act.

An act to amend an act, entitled "An act to carry out the provisions of section 12, article 3, of the Constitution in relation to the public printing and binding and the supply of paper therefor.

Bills introduced by Senator Cumings, session of 1905:

An act validating ordinances and other transactions of boroughs in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania wherein there has occurred a misnomer, omission, informality or irregularity in the corporate name, style and title of such borough.

An act making an appropriation for the payment of the expense incident to the dedication of the memorial erected in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, by the Pennsylvania Commission under the provisions of an act of the General Assembly, approved July 18, 1901, and making an appropriation to provide transportation to Americus, Georgia, of all surviving honorably discharged Pennsylvania soldiers who were at any time during the war for the suppression of the rebellion confined in the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Georgia.

An act making an appropriation to the trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane at Warren, Pennsylvania.

An act relating to solvency, termination of trusts or assignments for the benefit of creditors.

An act to provide for the appointment of a State Clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, defining his duties and fixing his salary.

An act to regulate the publication, binding and distribution of the public documents of this Commonwealth.

Committees of Senate on which Senator Henry H. Cumings served:

Session of 1899—

Appropriations, Centennial Affairs, Forestry, Insurance, Chairman Judicial Apportionment, Military Affairs, Municipal Affairs, New Counties and County Seats.

Session of 1901—

Agriculture, Appropriations, Corporations, Chairman Education, Forestry, Game and Fisheries, Military Affairs, Municipal Affairs, Railroads and Street Passenger Railways.

Session of 1903—

Agriculture, Appropriations, Railroads, Corporations, Chairman Education, Elections, Forestry, Game and Fisheries, Military Affairs, Public Roads and Highways.

Session of 1905—

Agriculture, Appropriations, Corporations, Education, Finance, Forestry, Game and Fisheries, Judiciary General, Chairman Military Affairs, Public Grounds and Buildings, Public Printing, Public Health and Sanitation, Public Roads and Highways, Railroads.

The Senate ordered thirty-two committees at this session, and of these Senator Cumings served on fourteen, a most distinguished record.



Lodge Room of G. A. R. Post, Tidoute, Pa.

We have followed the name of Captain Cumings through the "Legislative Record" during the whole period of his service. There is much which we admire. We confine ourselves to two or three brief passages from his not numerous addresses and discussions. The memorial service of Senator Francis A. Osbourn was held January 30, 1901. The committee, of which Mr. Cumings was a member, offered appropriate resolutions, and Mr. Cumings said in part:

"My attention was drawn to him early in my service in the Senate by his constant attendance upon its sessions, his clearness of insight, his soundness of judgment. He impressed me as a careful, painstaking, conscientious legislator. I soon found that he was one to whom a new and inexperienced Senator could go, always sure of considerate and courteous attention, of kind suggestion and helpful information. I personally owe him a debt of gratitude for kind assistance often and graciously given.

"While still scarcely beyond the years of childhood, at the age of sixteen, Francis A. Osbourn offered his all to the defense of our National life—the sacrifice he offered was in part accepted and the empty sleeve he wore forever after bore eloquent testimony to his devotion.

"Having then given so much few men could feel that more was due. Not so with Francis A. Osbourn. He had pledged his life to save the Nation's life, and so long as he lived and the country was imperilled he felt that the pledge remained. Recovered from his terrible wound, with so much as was left of his maimed body, he was again at the front doing what he could until, with peace and a restored Union, he was able to lay down his arms with the consciousness of his obligation fully discharged.

"Fearlessness and absolute devotion to duty as he saw it was the keynote of his life and work in his boyhood, and so it

was in his later years.. Death came at last as the result, I believe, of his presence here in this chamber, coming from a sick bed to perform what he felt was due to his friends, his party and his State.

"I did not always agree in opinion with Senator Osbourn, but I never doubted his sound judgment, his sincerity of purpose, his obedience to his convictions of the right.

"His work is done. We shall see his face no more, but the good that he has done will live after him. He has given to this Commonwealth and to the Nation the example of a courteous, brave and lofty manhood, something that is better for our national life and the welfare and perpetuity of our institutions than hoards of gold or fleets and armies, or foreign possessions."

January 21, 1903, Mr. Roberts asked for immediate action upon a certain bill, when Mr. Cumings moved for its recommitment, saying: "This bill has been introduced in the Senate, has been referred, along with many others, to the special committee; they have been reported out in large numbers; we have had only the one committee and the members of the Senate have had no opportunity whatever to study its provisions or vote intelligently on it. I propose to ask and insist upon having the opportunity of knowing what the provisions of this bill are before I am compelled aye or no."

Mr. Grady answered that Mr. Roberts would not bring in a dishonest bill and that an agreement had been made by the Senate to vote at this time. Courtesy to Mr. Roberts demanded its passage. Mr. Cumings said: "I will not yield to the Senator from Philadelphia in courtesy to Mr. Roberts or any other Senator. It is not a question of courtesies at all. If it were, I would pursue the course which courtesy demands. It is a question whether we, as Senators of the State of Pennsylvania, shall intelligently perform the duties entrusted to us;

whether we shall betray or defend the interests of the public. Now we do not know the contents of these bills. The gentleman said we have had time to consider them. We have all been occupied with the events of the past two days and the members' friends from their homes have occupied their attention, and have prevented any consideration of the bills now upon the calendar. We are also aware that the time for amendment or taking action on such bills as we may not favor is when they are on second reading. We are also aware that when bills reach third reading and final passage, it is very easy indeed to take advantage of a moment's absence to slip through a dangerous bill. We are also aware that any honest bill cannot suffer by turning on the light, by looking carefully at its provisions. A bill that ought to be passed will gain strength when properly considered. No proper bill will be endangered by taking the action I suggest. I can see no reason for rushing the thing through now. Let us begin now to extend the time of this session if there is insufficient time for full consideration of these important matters."

But the bill passed notwithstanding this good and wholesome doctrine—Senator Cummings not voting.

XII.

DEATH AND LAST FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

Captain Cumings had partaken of breakfast Wednesday morning, May 14, 1913, and intermittingly dozed in his big chair. At the suggestion of one of the family that he lie down, he walked to a couch, and even while the pillows were being arranged, "he was not." The weary traveler was at rest. Tidioute was bereaved and lonesome. Telegraph and telephone were busy conveying messages of sorrow, sympathy, condolence and love. Letters from all parts of the country followed for many days. Business was suspended throughout the greater part of Saturday and the day of the funeral, that the community might show the high esteem in which they held this noble citizen. The body lay in state at the family residence between ten and twelve o'clock. No funeral grave ceremonies encased it, appropriately the blue uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was so proud and to which so tried and true a friend, clothed it. The casket was heavy, metallic lined and was buried under the wealth of flowers that had come from friends and admirers from all parts of the country as well as from those nearer home. During these two hours hundreds came to look upon his face for the last time on earth. Death's pangs left no trace and the features were as calm as though the deceased was in a deep restful sleep. Owing to its size, proximity and convenience, the Presbyterian church was selected as the place for the final services, and the edifice was completely filled. The pews directly in front of the pulpit were occupied by members of the Tidioute Post of the Grand Army of the Republic and details from similar organizations at Erie, Warren, Oil City, and other neighboring places.

The services were in charge of Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, D. D., LL. D., of Oil City, a comrade and warm friend, assisted by Rev. Dr. S. H. Day of the Methodist Episcopal church of Tidioute, and Rev. S. F. Marks of the Presbyterian church. Music was furnished by Professor Gill, teacher of music in the public schools, and members of the Presbyterian and Methodist choirs. The hymns were selected by members of the family—"Lead Kindly Light," "Son of My Soul," and "Nearer My God to Thee."

We quote a few passages from the funeral discourse of Dr. Fradenburgh:

"I may call this world our kindergarten, the primary department in which we play with blocks and marbles, build our castles, spend a little time and graduate in the great university beyond and other universities, higher and higher. This little inch of space which we occupy in this world rises and deepens and expands until it reaches the moon, stars, sun and galaxies, off into the immensity of God. This moment of time we call life, extends so that the moment becomes minutes, hours, days, months, years, centuries, milleniums—forevers.

"The life beyond continues the courses we have pursued in the present world, so far as possible under new conditions and with new and at present unknown faculties. There is but one pause in our eternal existence—not the cessation of life nor an intermission—the same life going on. This pause in our eternal life is called death. It occupies really no time; we pass from one into the other, into the future, instantaneously.

"Greece was the most civilized country of the ancient world. During perhaps not more than one hundred and fifty years of her history Greece produced of great men—if we call a man great whose history lives through thousands of years—more great men than the whole world produced during fifteen hundred years afterwards. In poetry, Homer deserves to rank



Cumings Monument, Tidioute, Pa.

among the first of the world's poets; in philosophy, Plato; in ethics and spiritual enlightenment, Socrates; in tragedy, Aeschyles; in comedy, Aristophanes; in law, Lycurgus; in sculpture, Phidias; in oratory, Demosthenes, and in patriotism, Leonidas. But what did Greece think concerning the future life? Socrates and some of the philosophers had comparatively clear ideas, but what was the average opinion of the Greeks concerning a future state? A Greek poet expresses it in these lines:

*'Alas, alas, when Mallozes droop
Beneath the Hollyrood shade,
When celery and feathered dill
Have withered and decayed,
They rise again, in Beauty Bright,
To greet the Coming Year,
But Man, the great, the wise, the good,
When laid upon his bier,
Sleeps on, an unawakened sleep
Beneath the silent earth,
To him alone has been denied
A Resurrection Birth.'*

"Compare this dark picture with the words of Saint Paul when he supposed he was approaching death! 'I am now ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me in that day, and not only me, but all those who love His appearing.'

"But it is not my object on this occasion to preach a funeral sermon. That seems not to be suitable, nor is it my object to pronounce a eulogy; that is not needed. Captain Cumings, our comrade and brother, is known to this community, where he has lived for more than forty years. After

we have listened to all that could be said and read all that could be written, from this we would not know him as well as the people of this community know him now. This large assemblage of the business men of the community gathered here today, acquaintances and friends from abroad, his comrades in arms, shows the esteem in which he is held for his many virtues. The telephone and telegraph messages which the bereaved family have received add their share to the widespread tribute.

"Comrade Cumings was a man of classical education. He was adapted to varied business and was successful. He was deeply interested in the prosperity of Tidioute and was connected with many public interests in connection with the town. He loved his country and was ready to sacrifice and be sacrificed for his country. His war record was an enviable one.

"Those who were not living in the days of the Civil War, and, indeed, those who were not present in any of the larger battles of that war, cannot from any amount of reading in history form the slightest idea of a great battle. But here is a man who fought at Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resacca, Peach Orchard and Atlanta and other great conflicts of the war, and marched with Sherman to the sea.

"Our brother and comrade did much to support the churches of Tidioute, especially the Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal. Captain Cumings was notably religious in his feelings; he had a deep reverence for Christianity and lived a life of charity, meekness, manliness and benevolence.

"Tidioute will feel lonesome tomorrow and it will be many a long day before she can adjust herself to the absence of the form of this manly man and great citizen, his absence from her business, her churches, her streets and her homes."

Following the benediction by Rev. Dr. Day the members of the Grand Army of the Republic took charge of the body. The casket was not opened during the time it was in the church. The cortege in which there were many friends from a distance moved to the Tidioute cemetery, comrades in uniform acting as an escort, and the body was committed with military honors, under the direction of Cobham Post. The church ritual followed that of the G. A. R.; the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Fradenburgh.

Many residents of Tidioute had gone direct to the cemetery, feeling there would not be sufficient room in the church for all; it is claimed by long-time residents that not in the recent history of this beautiful city of the dead had there been so many persons assembled.

It is not inappropriate to present a few of the many letters of appreciation and condolence:

Harrisburg, Pa., May 15, 1913.

Mrs. Henry H. Cumings, Tidioute, Pa.:

My Dear Mrs. Cumings:

I was greatly shocked to learn this morning by a news item in the Philadelphia Ledger, that your esteemed husband and my dearly-beloved friend, Captain Cumings, departed this life yesterday.

I have been "in the shadows" for the last few days, owing to the very sudden death, on Saturday evening last, of Mrs. Stewart.

I beg to tender you my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the great loss that you have sustained, realizing how empty and valueless words seem at such a time, and yet I have found great comfort in the kindly messages of sympathy and condolence that I have received, and know that you will find some

comfort in the sweet tender of sympathies that you will receive from the hosts of friends that Captain Cumings had endeared himself to in his beautiful life.

Sincerely yours,

Thos. J. Stewart.

Erie, Pa., May 15, 1913.

Mrs. Henry H. Cumings, Tidioute, Pa. :

My Dear Mrs. Cumings :

I have just received Harry's telegram conveying the sad news of the death of your husband and my comrade and friend.

I am grieved beyond expression. I was very much attached to Past Department Commander Cumings. His splendid comradeship and generous manhood have endeared him to the comradeship of the Department of Pennsylvania.

How inadequate are words to give full expression of the sympathy of our hearts under such sudden and awful bereavement.

In this, your hour of deep sorrow, my full heart's sympathy goes out to you. If I could offer any words that might in any way assuage your sorrow how gladly would I do it. But only the Great Physician can apply the healing balm. May God in His tender mercy console and comfort you, in this your great sorrow.

Yours in profound sorrow,

Thos. H. Cole.

Commander of Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic.

Philadelphia, May 18, 1913.

My Dear Miss Cummings:

The sad news of the death of your dear father was a great shock to his many friends here, and to none more so than to myself.

Expressions of deep sympathy and sincere condolence may seem but as empty phrases to his household darlings in these hours of their bitter grief, and yet I cannot refrain from mingling my sorrow with that of his loved ones because of the grandness of the character of your darling mother's loving, loved and devoted husband and companion, the darling loved and loving father of your brothers and sisters and yourself, and my esteemed loved friend and comrade.

It was a matter of regret to me that my present physical condition prevented me from paying my tribute in person at the last sad rites, but the scars of the days that made your dear father and I comrades intervened.

In your hours of deep sorrow and bitter anguish I appreciate that there can be but little alleviation of your great grief by sincere expressions of sorrow, and yet, dear girl, that by the death of your darling father I have lost a loyal, loved and loving friend.

Make my sincere remembrance to your dear darling mother, to your dear brothers and sisters, with a full share for yourself, and with renewed assurances of whatever service I can be at any time to the bereaved loved ones of my sincere friend, Captain H. H. Cummings.

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him:

There will be one vacant chair."

In sorrow and sincerity, your friend,

James F. Morrison.

Pardon the use of the type-write, but my old hand is so trembling that a pen is practically useless, and this type-write is from my own hand.

Oil City, Pa., May 19, 1913.

Mrs. H. H. Cumings, Tidioute, Pa.:

My Dear Mrs. Cumings:

Upon my return from a business trip, I was shocked to learn of the death of your husband, and hasten to express my sincere sympathy with you in your great loss.

I regret very much that I was unable to attend the funeral and thus show to some slight extent my great respect for him. While I had not known him for many years, and could not call myself a particularly intimate friend, yet I knew him long enough and well enough to appreciate fully his fine character and lovable and manly qualities and thus to feel his death as a great personal loss to myself.

Knowing him as I did, enables me fully to realize how great is the loss and how unconsolable the sorrow of yourself and those of his immediate family. Life brings those bereavements to each of us in turn and we can only endure the pain here and hope for a happy reunion in the great beyond.

Again assuring you of my heartfelt sympathy, I am

Sincerely yours,

P. M. Speer.

Member of House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 28, 1913.

Mrs. H. H. Cumings, Tidioute, Pa.:

Dear Mrs. Cumings:

It is with great sorrow that I read in the Los Angeles Times of the death of Captain H. H. Cumings. Mrs. Cowles joins with me in extending our heartfelt sympathy in your great affliction. When he called on us at our home here last summer he seemed in fair health, and I was greatly surprised to so soon hear of his passing away.

It is with more than usual interest that I recall my first acquaintance with Mr. Cumings which was before the war while he and I were teaching school not very far apart. Afterwards came our army experience. My interest and regard increased with the years, as we often met at regimental reunions. Especially was I impressed with his interest in *us as a regiment* when without sparing of pains or expense he entertained us so royally at his pleasant home at Madison-on-the-Lake.

As Memorial Day approaches we are reminded impressively of the fast passing away of the old comrades. We shall think of you in your great sorrow, as for the first time this newly-made grave is dedicated.

My daughters, Mrs. Westcott and Miss Winifred, also join in extending sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. Cowles.

Dear Mrs. Cumings:

Doctor and I want you to know how deeply we sympathize with you at this sad time.

There is nothing I can say to comfort you, words are so useless at such a time, but just want you all to know I am thinking of you, and wish I could be of some comfort.

I feel that I have lost a good friend in Captain's death. Always from the time I was a little girl, he has been so interested in me and our little chats were always so pleasant.

Tidionte has most certainly lost a grand, good man, and there are so few left.

Give my love and sympathy to the family and with much love for yourself.

Affectionately,

Julia Clarke Anter.

76 Holbrook Avenue, Detroit, Mich., June 3, 1913.

W. C. McBride,
Third National Bank Building,
Twelfth Floor.

St. Louis, Mo., June 3, 1913.

Mr. Charles E. Cumings, East Brady, Pa. :

Dear Friend Charles—Answer to your beautiful letter of the 24th inst. has been delayed owing to my absence from the office on an eastern trip until today.

Replying to same now, wish to say that I heartily concur in every word that you have written relative to the sterling qualities of your beloved brother. It most certainly was edifying and gratifying to me to read your words of eulogy on the death of your dear brother and my dear friend.

You are right in saying that I held him in very high esteem and that I appreciated his fine character. To my mind, he was one among thousands; and I believe I can truthfully say that I have thought of Captain Cumings oftener than any other one man that I can now recall since I started in business for myself.

I think it only natural that this should be so for the reason it was he who gave the writer his very first lesson in good business ethics. It was he, too, who loaned me the first dollar I ever borrowed from any one, and this was entirely at his own volition, as I did not ask for it at all. Doubtless I have told you the story in detail, hence I will not attempt to write it out here as it would take too long, however, I will touch on it in a general way.

When I went to East Brady to settle up (you will remember the Captain had consented to keep my surplus earnings for me, as I was afraid of the banks) and when I got the thousand dollars that was due me, which amount I had agreed to pay for a certain well I had bought back of Fairview, he thought that I

should have a little surplus money; hence he suggested that I accept a loan of three hundred dollars for ninety days, which I did, and that piece of paper was the first note I ever signed in my life.

I think he spent fully a half hour in explaining to me the necessity of a man, who expected to maintain his credit at a high standard, of being very prompt in either liquidating his note in full, or arranging before for partial payment, or renewal in full, etc. In short, he gave me a lesson in good business ethics and one that I never have forgotten. This is best evidenced by the fact that while I have given many notes since that time, I have never had a piece of paper that carried my name go to protest, and I think it is entirely safe for me to say that I never will have one—from all of which you can readily see that the wise counsel I received from your brother sank in deep and has been very helpful to me; in fact, I might say that it has been an invaluable asset.

Aside from his immediate family and close relatives, I do not believe there is a person living that mourns the death of this noble man more than the writer; and when saying this I am not unmindful of the fact that he had many true and valued friends.

He has gone the way of all flesh, and it will not be long until all those who knew and loved him will follow to the "great beyond." But as you say, I think many can profit by emulating the good example he set while here, and by doing this attain the highest place that is obtainable in the hereafter.

Very truly yours,

(Signed)

W. C. McBride.



Charlotte J. Cumings

XIII.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CHARLOTTE J. CUMINGS.

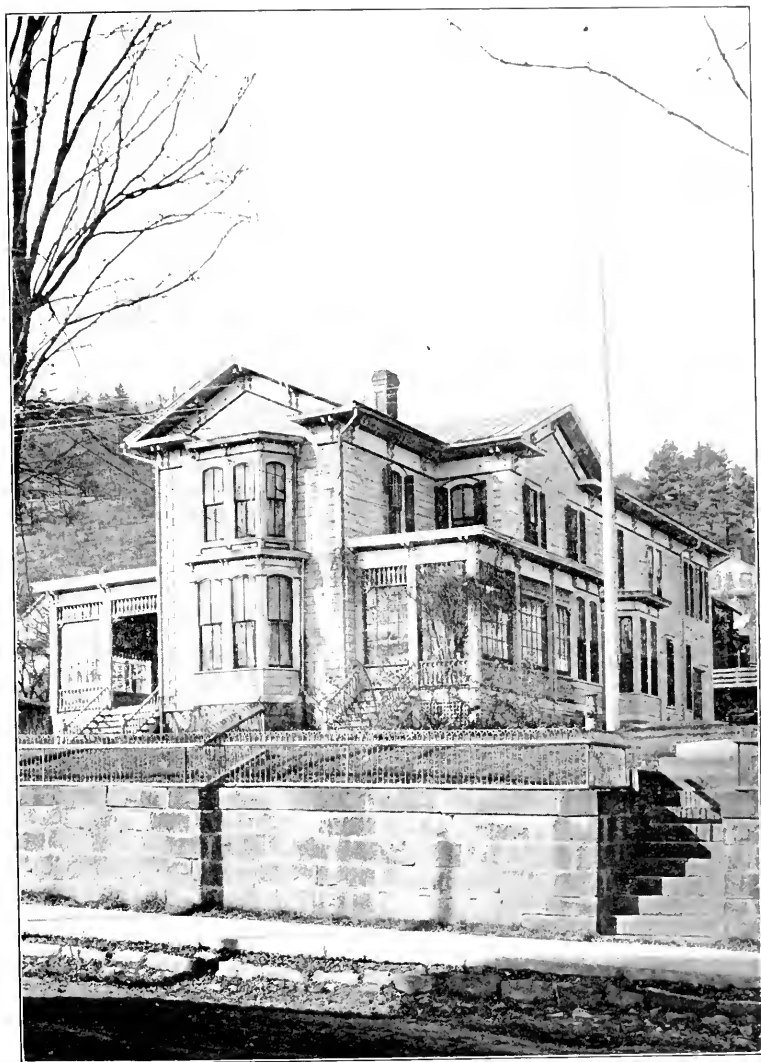
Captain H. H. Cumings had passed to his reward the fourteenth day of May. The new grave in the cemetery had been decorated on Memorial Day. The day following we met Mrs. Cumings. She spoke of the past, expressed gratification that the memorial services had been observed in a manner so satisfactory, gave directions concerning the preparation of a memorial of her husband, and looked bravely out into the future with hope and courage. She was just taking up her new duties and responsibilities and new burdens.

It was the twenty-second day of the June immediately following. Mrs. Cumings was in Baltimore. Her little granddaughter, Minerva Ellis, twelve years of age, had fallen down stairs and broken her arm. She was promised an automobile ride as soon as she had sufficiently recovered. This was the occasion of an automobile trip at this time. Mrs. Cumings and her son, Ralph H. Cumings, were in a Ford car and had reached Slade avenue. Another automobile stood at the right hand side of the road and when Mr. Cumings swerved his car to the center of the road, the steering gear jammed and the car turned square across the road, leaped straight into the air about six feet and came down bottom upward with Mrs. Cumings and son both pinned underneath. Just then the big touring car of Owen Daily, head of the banking firm of Owen Daily & Company, was close upon them and crashed into their car, one of the wheels passing over Mrs. Cumings' head. The dying woman was brought into the city but she had already passed from earthly sight and caught her first vision of the glory of God. Mr. Cumings was seriously injured but made a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Cumings' two daughters, Mrs. Theodore H. Ellis and Mrs. Arthur B. White; Mrs. Ralph H. Cumings, Miss Minerva Ellis and Lawrence White were in the second car which was immediately ahead, and were witnesses of the tragedy. The occupants of the third car who completed the party were Theodore H. Ellis, William Howard and John H. Sink, all of Baltimore; Bernard T. Ellis, Miss Charlotte C. Ellis and Miss Abigail L. Cumings. They did not learn of the tragedy until, following the path of the other car, they came to the wreck nearly half an hour later. In the road beside the machine Miss Cumings found her mother's hat and handbag containing a considerable sum of money, some bank notes, jewelry and other valuables.

Such was the tragic termination of the earthly career of this most useful and accomplished woman, the delight of her friends, the good cheer of society, the inspiration to praiseworthy effort, the queen of a model home. The community in which she lived and for which she had done so much, the societies to which she belonged and which were enriched by the great heart of her devotion, the church into which she had knit her very being—these mourn the sad ending of an active and useful life.

Mrs. Charlotte Sink Cumings was born in Rome, New York, April 25, 1846. She is a lineal descendant of the Earl of Stafford, of Warwickshire, England; of John Billings and Sir Thomas Billings, of Rowell and Northampton, through eight generations to the emigrant to America, William Billings; of Sir Thomas Bromley, Staffordshire, through his son, Luke Bromley, and his grandson, Luke Bromley, of Stonington, Connecticut. She is also a lineal descendant of the noted Willis family of Connecticut. Wealthy Willis, daughter of William Willis, married James Carroll, of Massachusetts. They were married in Stockbridge. Their daughter married



Residence of Captain H. H. Cumings, Tidioute, Pa.

Jacob Sink, of Stockbridge, October 19, 1816. Their son, Andrew Jackson Sink, married Sarah Catherine Rue, March 4, 1840, from whom was born Charlotte Sink who married H. H. Cumings.

On her mother's side, Mrs. Cumings is a lineal descendant of Richard Higgins, of Plymouth, and one of the first proprietors of Eastham, Massachusetts, and his second wife, Mary Yates. They removed to New Jersey in 1670. She is also a lineal descendant of Richard Stout, who married the famous Penelope Van Princess in 1624; of Matthew Rue, of Staten Island, an early settler; and of George Mount, an early settler and prominent man of New Jersey.

Mrs. Cumings attended the schools of her native place and those of Chicago, Illinois, and South Bend, Indiana. She possessed rare executive ability and her life was made up of busy, active, energetic work. On the formation of the Woman's Relief Corps in Tidioute, she was one of the first to interest herself in that work and for many years served as president. In connection with this work, she pushed to success the Brookville Memorial Home at Brookville, Pa., a home for veteran soldiers and their wives and children, giving abundantly of her means and time. She was president of the State Woman's Relief Corps in 1893-4. She was also inspector and installing officer of the National Woman's Relief Corps which received her close attention during her term of service. She was a member of the "Andersonville Prison Board" when the prison was restored and presented to the government. She organized the Tidioute Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and served as its regent. She had entered upon her third term of service as State Regent, having been unanimously re-elected in April at the Continental Congress in Washington while she was detained at the bedside of her sick husband.

She was an active worker in the Shakespeare Club and the Mendelssohn Club. She was assistant worthy matron of Economite Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star recently organized in Tidioute, and was very enthusiastic in promoting and assisting in purchasing and furnishing St. Paul's Universalist Church as a Chapter House. It was she who inaugurated the movement which was carried to a successful issue, to erect the monument to the memory of General Joseph Warren, for whom the county was named, which now beautifies one of the parks of Warren. Her part in connection with all these varied interests was performed with distinguished ability and unquenchable enthusiasm. Mrs. Cumings had always been an active, loyal, consistent member and liberal supporter of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Her activities were in behalf of the social, intellectual, moral and religious education and culture of the many who were attracted under her influence. Unostentatiously and quietly she met every call for benevolence and help with hearty and lavish hand. A woman of most decided mould, often with somewhat of seeming brusqueness, yet she carried a heart that could not withstand appeals of misery and want. And in every project of a public or semi-public character in which she became interested, she put her whole soul as though that one particular object was her sole aim in life.

The train bearing the mortal remains of Mrs. Cumings arrived in Tidioute Wednesday morning and the body was taken to the Presbyterian Church where loving hands buried the casket under a wealth of flowers.

Because of the large seating accommodations of this church, the funeral was held in the capacious audience room at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The Tidioute Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Economite Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star attended in a body.



Mrs. Charlotte J. Cumings
Early Photograph



Rev. W. O. Leslie, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, intoned the beautiful burial service. The service over, the procession moved to the city of the dead on the hill. The body was borne to its last quiet home by most loving and tender hands, the bearers being Charles A. Cumings and Henry H. Cumings, sons; Bernard T. Ellis and Henry H. Cumings, grandsons; W. S. Sink, a brother, and Theodore H. Ellis, a son-in-law. There she rests until the Lord shall bid her rise, triumphant and glorified. "This woman was full of good works and of alms deeds which she did."—Acts ix :36. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."—Solomon.

The following letters of sympathy to the sorely and twice-bereaved family are selected for publication from a great number.

Holly Chapter, No. 91, Order of the Eastern Star.

Oil City, Pa., June 27, 1913.

Miss Abbie Cumings:

Dear Friend:—We most sincerely extend our heartfelt sympathy to you in this your second bereavement. Your mother was one who won the confidence and esteem of all, and to know her was to love her.

*' The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no triumphet, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.'*

Belle K. Richards, Secretary.
Jennie McL. Vaughan.
Mary Belle Cross.

My Dear Miss Cumings :

The ladies of the D. A. R. wish to extend their deepest sympathy to you and all your family in the loss of your dear mother and our beloved regent.

Could you have been present at the memorial service at Mrs. Turner's you would realize what a place she occupied in our hearts.

Each member feels the loss to be a personal one, and the memory of her loyal devotion to the cause of the daughters will long remain with us.

She gave so much of herself, her time, her energy and her ability that her place can never be filled.

With renewed sympathy,

Amelia C. T. Stillman,

Gertrude H. Shugert.

Tidioute, Pa., July 3, 1913.

Bloomington, Illinois, July 5, 1913.

My Dear Miss Cumings :

Just this moment the paper has come to me bringing the terrible word of your beloved mother's sudden and tragic taking away. The inexpressible shock and grief this brings to me cannot be conveyed in words. I can only tell you that my heart goes out to and with you in this hour of desolation.

It was my rare privilege to call this noble woman " friend " and to be associated with her so delightfully in our congenial D. A. R. work that was so dear to her heart, that her beautiful service was a veritable labor of love. That death leaves a shining mark is no mere figure of speech in connection with this distinguished woman whose activities and interests reached out into every sphere where brain and heart were needed. Of her it may be truthfully said: " Of rare worth as a woman, of



Andrew J. Sink

great merit as a citizen, of wisdom as a councillor, of unerring instinct as a Christian, of inexhaustible value as a friend. The world is poorer, life less rich to the wide circle who felt the uplift of her noble life and example."

With tenderest sympathy for her bereaved ones who were nearest and dearest to her.

Sincerely yours,

Julia G. Scott.

Mrs. Mathew T.

A special service was held in memory of Mrs. Cumings by the State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution at their session held in Scranton, on the twenty-eighth day of October. Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison, State Treasurer, read a beautiful paper, after which several delegates spoke feelingly of the great loss sustained at her demise. The following resolutions were then passed and ordered spread upon the minutes:

Whereas, It has pleased God in his wise but inscrutable Providence, to remove from life Mrs. Henry H. Cumings, who, at the time of her death, so ably and honorably filled the office of State Regent of Pennsylvania, Daughters of the American Revolution; and

Whereas, Our late honored regent was at the time of her death in the full prime of useful womanhood, and her loss will be deeply felt, not only in the councils of our organization, which she so wisely guided, but also in her family life and social relations. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Daughters of the American Revolution of Pennsylvania, hereby express our high appreciation of the true worth and Christian womanhood of Mrs. Cumings, and of her unselfish devotion to our interests, and be it further

Resolved, That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved children, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the State Society.

Anna Orvis Keller,
Char. Regent Bellefonte Chapter.

Anne H. Perley,
Vice President General.
Emma L. Crowell,
Pennsylvania Secretary.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. CUMINGS

Read by Mrs. Morrison.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made; Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man from destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.

The days of our age are three score years and ten and though men be so strong that they come to four score years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone.

Oh! Teach us to remember our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn thee again, oh, Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants.



Mrs. Andrew J. Sink



Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.

And the glorious majesty of the Lord, Thy God, be upon us; prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, oh, prosper Thou our handy-work.

Mrs. Charlotte J. Sink Cumings passed from this life Sunday evening, June 22, 1913, at Baltimore. She was born at Rome, N. Y., April 25, 1846. Her marriage to Captain H. H. Cumings occurred April 17, 1867. Thus, for nearly half a century they had journeyed together life's rugged pathway. After a somewhat protracted illness Captain Cumings passed over the river to the Great Beyond May 14, 1913.

Stunned, but not crushed, sorrowful but not despondent at this great affliction, this brave woman remained at her post of duty, attending vigorously to the manifold cares and responsibilities of the office of State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was at Shamokin, at the State convention of the Woman's Relief Corps in 1890, and while I was department president, that I first met Mrs. Cumings. I had been attracted to her through correspondence and was more attracted when I met her face to face. Straightforward and earnest in all she did, her unwavering enthusiasm inspired all with whom she came in contact. Since those bleak winter days in Shamokin, I have learned to know her better, to appreciate her many traits of mind and heart, to look up to her wonderful power of concentration, of execution and of completion. But first and foremost was her patriotic zeal. Nothing was overlooked, however small in detail; nothing staggered her, no matter what effort it entailed. All of these qualities led to her holding the

highest offices in the Woman's Relief Corps in Pennsylvania and finding an honored place in prominent committees of the National organization for many years.

She was the prime mover in the organization of Tidioute Chapter in 1900, and continued the Regent from the beginning until she resigned its duties to accept those of Regent of the Pennsylvania Society. She had rounded out the second term and was fairly upon the third.

Her leadership in this patriotic society had never faltered or hesitated in its upward trend. Her devotion to its welfare became a part of her life and she only laid it down when life was crushed out forever and her spirit winged its flight aloft to meet her God, and those who had gone before.

There was no single good work for which our society stands pledged that did not receive her hearty co-operation; conservation of the home and our National resources, patriotic education and the general teaching of the young, the welfare of women and children, southern education among the mountaineers and the prevention of desecration of the flag. Her face would light up at the mention of the flag.

Oh! Pennsylvania Daughters, we stand today as by an open grave. Sorrowfully, tearfully, we recall our beloved Regent's face and form and seem to feel the hearty grasp of her loving hand, the very accent and intonation of her voice.

I have alluded to Mrs. Cumings as a leader. What shall I say of her as a friend? True and faithful, earnest, sympathetic and loving, her memory will remain a blessed memory while life lasts. Many, very many happy peaceful days have I spent at her home in Tidioute and when I reached there after her tragic ending to pay my last debt of respect to her I loved so well, how changed the order of things—

*"For the face I looked for was not there,
The one love voice was mute,
Only an unseen presence filled the air
And baffled my pursuit.
Now I look back on meadows, manse and stream
Dimly my thoughts define,
I only see a dream within a dream,
The hill tops wreathed with pine,
I only hear above her place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast
The voice so like her own."*

Dear Daughters, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a dear friend, a valued capable officer, a beloved co-worker.

It remains for us to follow her example of faithfulness, devotion and self-sacrifice. To go bravely on working for the advancement and upbuilding of our noble organization. Remembering "that it is our high duty, nay privilege, to keep brightly burning upon our National hearthstone the true patriotic fire of Revolutionary days; that it is our mission to bring to the solution of every national problem the same spirit of unselfish devotion, the same invincible belief in the expediency of doing right though the heavens fall, that was shown by the generation of great and good men who baptized the Nation with their blood, in order that it might become a fit habitation for free men and free women and an example for all the tyrant oppressed nations of the earth."

Dear friend; old friend, you passed so swiftly from among us, and we sometimes wonder if you would have wished it otherwise. To go without a word, a look, a grasp of the hand, not even a prayer. Man is indeed "a swinging wicket set between the unseen and the seen."

Could you have pierced the veil would you not have bravely echoed the poet's words:

*" Sunset and evening star
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning at the bar
 When I put out to sea.

 But such a tide as moving seems a sleep
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark,
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark.

 For thought from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my pilot face to face
 When I have cross'd the bar.*

(Signed) Helen Morrison."

Of these devoted parents were born nine children: Three died in infancy: Sarah Charlotte, born April 15, 1875; baby daughter, born February 2, 1883, and Benjamin Rue, born October 4, 1887. Six survive:

1—Harriet Emily was born January 9, 1868, and was educated at Oberlin College and Oberlin Conservatory of Music. She was married to Theodore Horatio Ellis August 27, 1888. Like her mother, she is deeply interested in patriotic and social organizations. It is due to her efforts that the "Flag Salute" has been introduced into the schools of her state. She also takes an active interest in philanthropic and

civic work in Baltimore; and last but not least, does a great deal of historical and genealogical work, endeavoring to have old and ancient manuscript state records printed and bound and placed where the people of the state will be able to consult them and have a better knowledge of their state history.

Mr. Ellis, besides his connection with other business enterprises, is a large stockholder and manager of the United States Asphalt and Refining Company, Baltimore, Md.

2—Charles Andrew was born December 12, 1869. He was educated in the public schools of Tidioute and at the Pennsylvania State College. While living in Butler he became a member of the Pennsylvania State Guard. He served in Cuba and in the Philippines three years, where he was commissioned first lieutenant. After some years he settled in Philadelphia where he is engaged in business.

3—Henry Harrison, Jr., was born August 24, 1871, graduated in the public schools of Tidioute and was a student in Oberlin College one year and Allegheny College three years. He then entered into business relations with Theodore H. Ellis in Tiona and later in Reading, Pennsylvania. He afterwards engaged in business in Rome, New York, and has other important business relations.

4—Ralph Hunter was born December 11, 1876. He was educated in the Tidioute public schools, the Kiskiminetas Springs School, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Yale College. Just before graduation he enlisted in the Cuban War. He has been engaged in business in Marietta, Ohio, Tidioute and Baltimore.

5—Laura Frances was born August 27, 1879, and was educated in the public schools of Tidioute, and the Lake Erie College in Painesville, Ohio. She married Arthur Burr White

of Riverside, California, formerly of Boston, Massachusetts, June 15, 1904. Mr. White is engaged in the business of civil engineer in Los Angeles, California.

6—Abigail Lynch was born November 17, 1893. She was educated in the public schools of Tidioute, the Westlake School for Girls, Los Angeles, and Miss Marshall's School, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, from which she graduated with high honors in the class of 1912.

All are qualified and equipped by birth, education and experience to do their part in the world's work. .



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014548427